★ Aug. 28, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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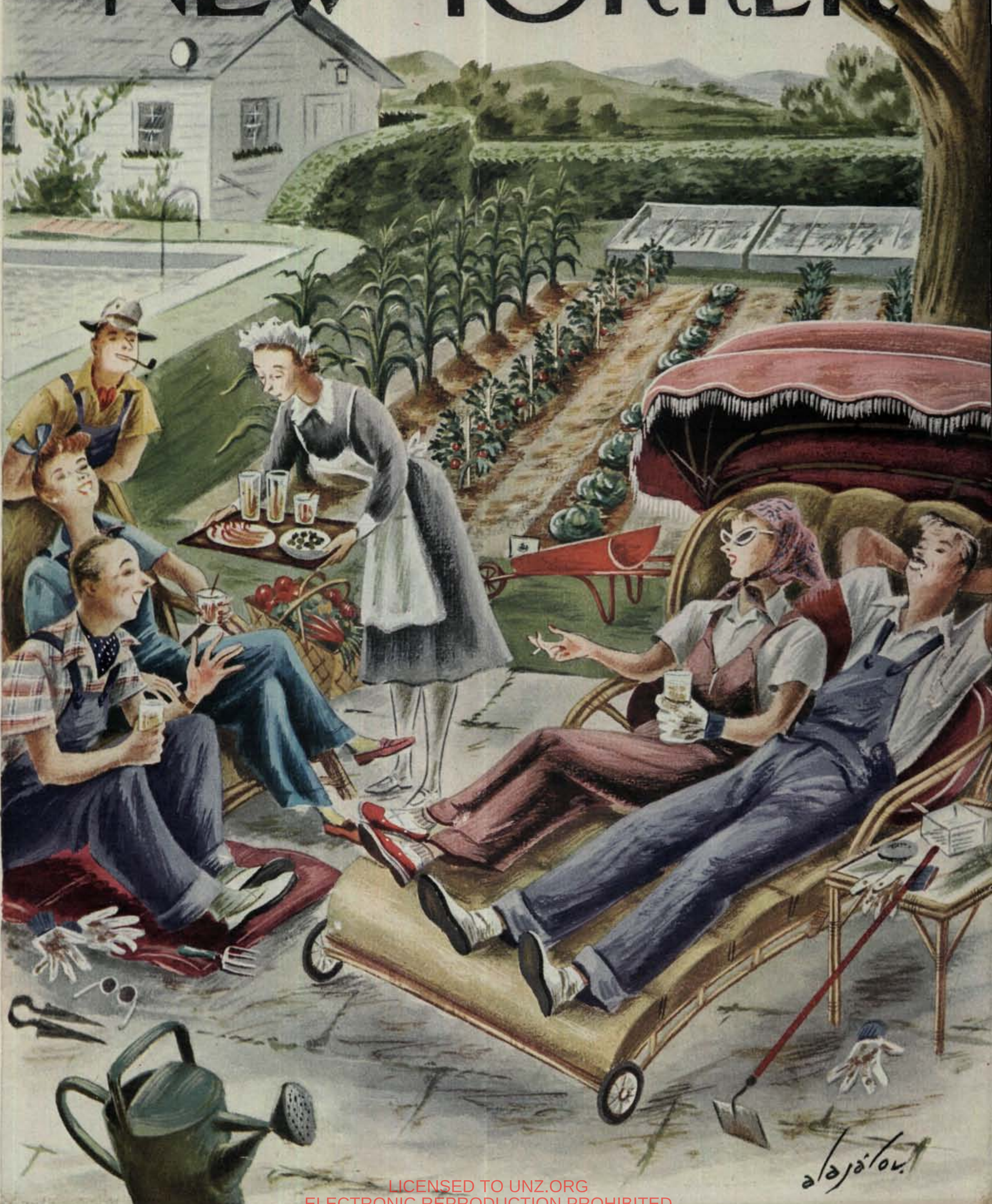

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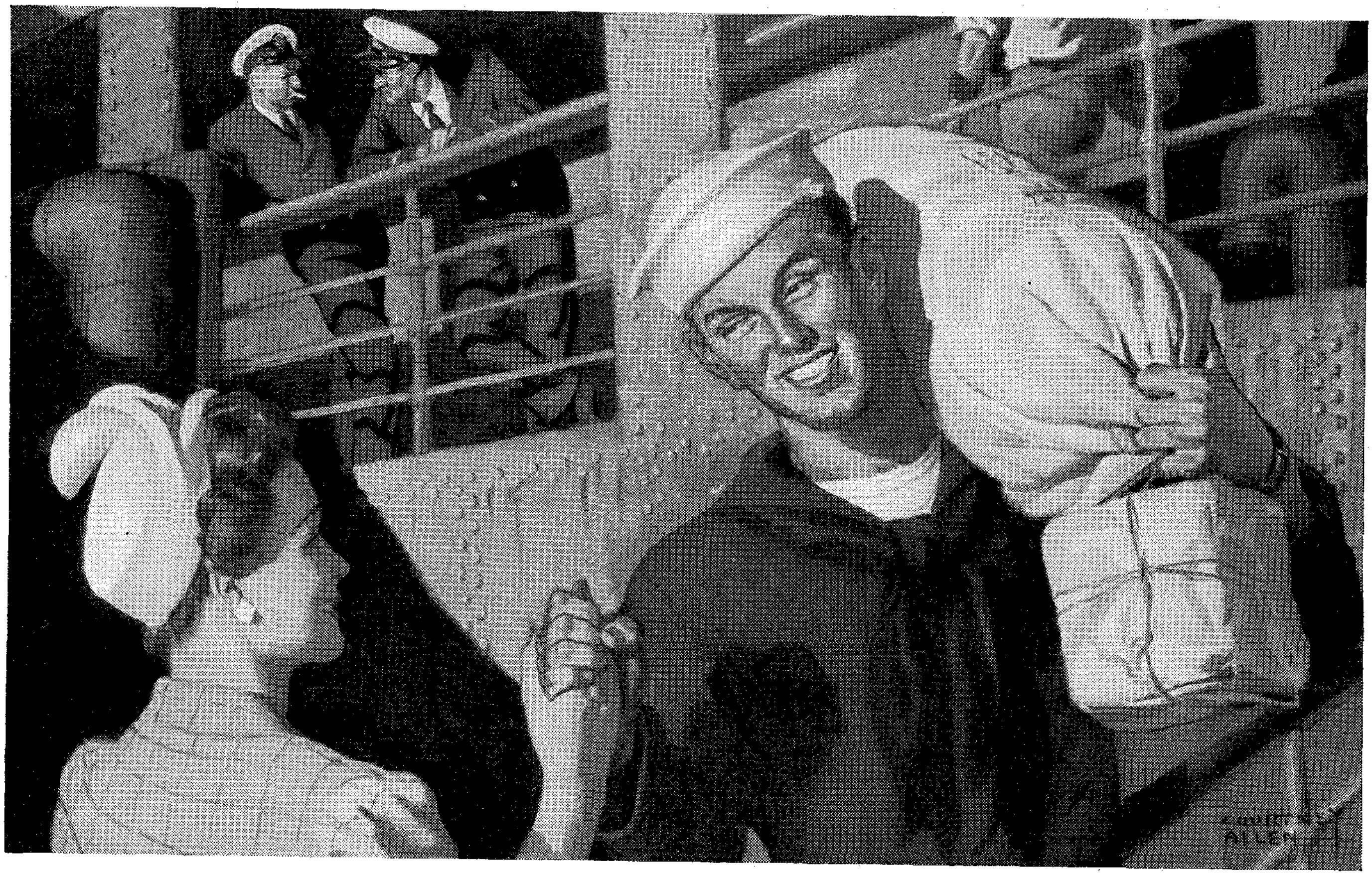
THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)



Tomorrow is a military secret!

No bands play—no crowds cheer—but twoscore men are setting out on one of war's most hazardous missions . . . running the U-boat gauntlet with a cargo of weapons and supplies. They don't know—or ask—their destination, schedule, or risk. Every tomorrow is a military secret!

For the fact that we have a fast-growing merchant marine, we can thank a far-sighted Government. In 1936, Congress declared a momentous U. S. policy: for security in peace or war, this country must have an adequate merchant fleet, *"owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens . . . manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel."*

Ably administered by the U. S. Maritime Commission, this Act set out to recapture for America a leader's place among maritime nations. It reawakened the art of shipbuilding, stimulated shipping companies.

And it brought to life again the great American seafaring tradition. Today, under the War Shipping Administration, 25,000 men at a time—citizens all—are learning the ways of ships and the sea at ten crack schools for deck officers, engineers, and specialists. Our five new vessels a day must be manned by new personnel—men who will go to sea with ships and know-how, wages and working conditions second to none.

We at American Export Lines inaugurated our own building program before the war. Our new ships helped us introduce better service, speed and schedules to ports from Morocco to Burma, where we carried the products of U. S. farms and factories, bringing back essential imports. When war broke, our vessels abroad rushed to load strategic materials to start vital U. S. stock-piles.

Today, a bold new maritime program moves full speed ahead!

The U. S. Merchant Marine needs men—apply at your nearest U. S. Employment Service Office.

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American Export Airlines, too, shorten the supply lines to our fighting forces.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy concerning adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A typical George Abbott comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Edwin Cooper will replace Harry Bannister as Father on Sat., Aug. 28. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Murder Without Crime—Not too absorbing a thriller, with Henry Daniell coming off a lot better than the rest of the cast, which consists only of Bretaigne Windust, Viola Keats, and Frances Tannehill. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. With Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

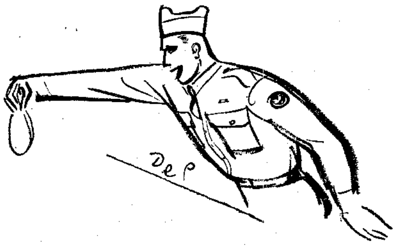
The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard assist, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Rosalinda—A colorful American adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Run Little Chillun—The Hall Johnson musical play brought back with the usual good Negro voices and not much else. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. The cast also includes Betty Bruce and Allen Jenkins, who will be replaced by Frankie Hyers on Mon., Aug. 30. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse is still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sun., Aug. 29.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of a curiously successful operetta of the twenties. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, and Sigmund Romberg are all names you ought to remember if you don't. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle leads a large cast which includes Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Snark Was a Boojum—A mystery-comedy by Owen Davis, based on Richard Shattuck's novel of the same name, with Frank Lovejoy and Catherine Willard. Staged by Alexander Kirkland and produced by Alex Yokel and Jay Faggan. Opens Wed., Sept. 1. (48th Street, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Army Play-by-Play—A return engagement of five one-act plays written, acted, and directed by soldiers. Presented by the Second Service Command and John Golden as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. May close Sat., Aug. 28.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Extra Mats. Thurs., Aug. 26 and Sept. 2, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant spot, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra and an ice show.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo heads the show here, which includes Teddy Wilson's orchestra, Hazel Scott, and Kenneth Spencer.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with the Ink Spots, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band to dance to.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This summer house, next door to the winter quarters, has Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, which has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show, will close for a week or so on Sun. Eve., Aug. 29. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Larry Siry's orchestra and a dance team are on hand in the Persian Room.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this warm-weather haven.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers dance music by Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Russ Smith's and Roy George's orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays on the Starlight Roof for dinner and supper, and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. The present supper show, headed by Morton Downey, will be replaced by a new one on Wed., Sept. 1. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the Leonard Ware Trio and several others keep things going here. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the only roof where Spivy can be found playing the piano and singing her repertory of rough-and-ready songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): soft lights, sweet music, and an out-of-the-world atmosphere.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Carl Brisson. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet: George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . .

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	43
BOOKS	56
THE CURRENT CINEMA	44
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE	46
THE RACE TRACK	50
THE THEATRE	36

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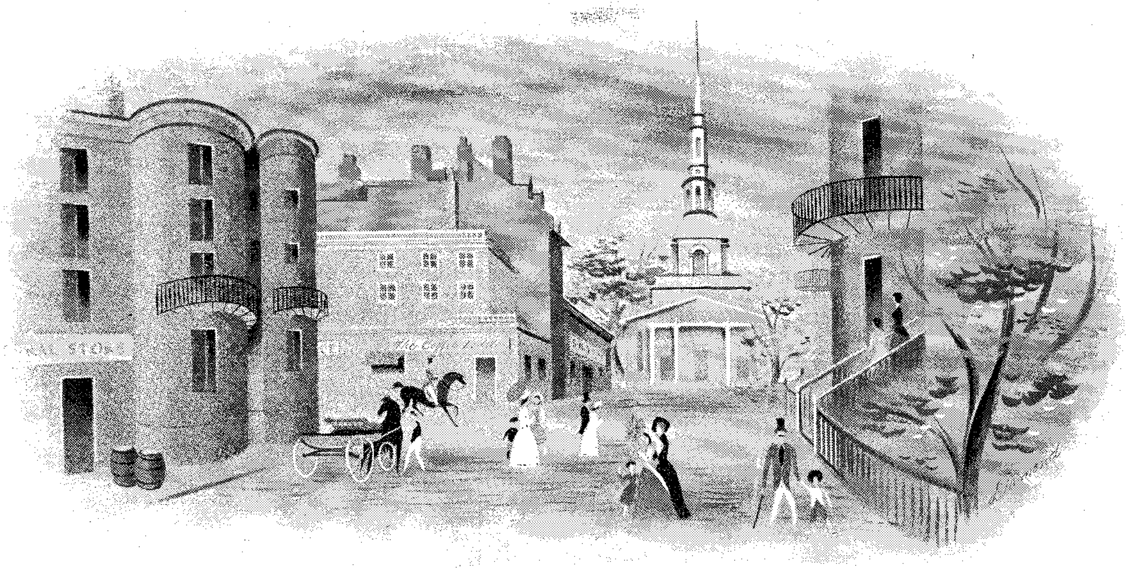

THE SADDLER OF SUMMER STREET

In this peaceful Boston street, nearly a hundred years ago, a young American who came from a long line of English saddlers, set up a small Harness and Saddlery Shop. So uncommon was his craftsmanship that word soon got around that 'that young fellow Mark Cross' could make you a saddle or bridle which would be the envy of your set.

The carriage trade of Boston, New York and even Philadelphia began to commission his talent. Later they prevailed upon him to make kit bags and such 'fancy leather goods' as letter-cases, button-boxes, and even purses for gentlewomen.

Times have changed . . . and the old saddlery shop on Summer Street has long since disappeared. But the traditional feeling for fine leathers . . . the reputation for quality which Mark Cross established a century ago . . . continue to flourish behind our modern Fifth Avenue façade, and find expression in the articles of leather which go out from our workrooms in England and America to discerning people from coast to coast.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big, noisy show, headed by Walter O'Keefe; Charles Baum's orchestra and Herbert Cuerbello's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way *at* 44 (CI *6-6000*): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (*CI 6-6500*)*: a new revue, all about the postwar* world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price heads the doings, surrounded by Left Bank atmosphere. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras, and girls galore. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and, through Sun., Aug. 29, Antonio and Rosario.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with music by Mary Lou Williams, Josh White, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and a trio. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

AL-FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO,** the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

DRAWINGS—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 10.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: a group show of oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 3. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: paintings by John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

GROUPS—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: new and old paintings by Guy Pène du Bois, Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, and a number of other modern American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 3. . . . **MORTIMER BRANDT,** 50 E. 57: works by Francis Chapin, Vaclav Vytlacil, Cameron Booth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Aug. 31. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors, oils, and black-and-whites by members of this gallery's group, including Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, and Georges Schreiber. Weekdays, except Sat., Aug. 28, *9* A.M. *to 6* P.M.; *through* Sept. 11. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Weekdays, except Fri., Sat., and Mon., Aug. 27, 28, and 30, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Over a hundred paintings of war scenes in battle zones and at home, done for *Life Magazine* by Tom Lea, Fletcher Martin, Paul Sample, and several other American artists (through Sept. 19); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Ten newly acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—War Bond Game—A team of servicemen vs. players of the Giants, Yankees, and Dodgers; to be preceded by a show staged by Billy Rose: Polo Grounds, Thurs., Aug. 26. Entertainment begins at 3 P.M.; baseball game at 5 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Bonds.)

Regular games—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. and Mon., Aug. 28 and 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 29 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 2-4, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs. and Sat., Sept. 2 and 4, at 2:30 P.M.; and Fri., Sept. 3, at 5 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Henry Armstrong vs Ray Robinson, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

GOLF—A pro-member war-bond tournament, with Craig Wood, Vic Ghezzi, Sam Byrd, Jim and Mike Turnesa, and many others competing: Spring Lake Golf and Country Club, Spring Lake, N. J., Sun., Aug. 29, at about 12 noon.

RACING—Saratoga Meeting at Belmont, daily at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 28. (The Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 28.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M., beginning Mon., Aug. 30.

TENNIS—National Championships, singles and doubles, a war-relief benefit: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Wed. through Mon., Sept. 1-6, at about 1 P.M.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Empire City at 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 6. (Trains leave Grand Central *daily at 4:35, 4:37, and 5:06* P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Port Washington Y.C., Sun., Aug. 29, at about 1 P.M. . . . Star Class World Championship, Bay Shore Y.C., Great South Bay, daily through Sat., Aug. 28.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.,** Rockefeller Center: "Wings for Victory," a show put on by the New York Air Defense Wing of the Army Air Forces, featuring a facsimile of the Aircraft Warning Center and a dramatization of the activities there, lectures and films on the identification of planes, and a photographic display showing the training of an American pilot. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 28. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; *through Sept. 30.* . . . ***MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,*** *11* W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as shown by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 31); also, an exhibition, assembled by Gregory Bateson, of photographs, sculptures, and paintings from the Island of Bali, showing the culture of its people, and designed to illustrate the problems which confront an army of occupation in any foreign territory (through Sept. 19). Weekdays *12 noon to 7* P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, and scale models of wind-tunnels and engines (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals of wartime life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE,** 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Tues., Aug. 31.

BENEFIT—A Military Ball, sponsored by the Women's Victory League, for Bundles for Buddies: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat., Aug. 28, at 9 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Multiple-camera pictures by Eadweard Muybridge, stroboscopic photographs by Harold E. Edgerton, and many other prints in an exhibition showing the progress of action-photography since 1837: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 19.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting: soloist, Claudio Arrau, Sun., Aug. 29, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Aug. 29, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Racing: Saratoga Cup, Sat., Aug. 28, at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WEAF, and WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . *News from* abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

AIR FORCE—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which performs in a pleasantly unglamorized fashion, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 29-31.)

BATAAN—A story of a lost patrol in the Philippines, with no nonsense. Robert Taylor, George Murphy, and Thomas Mitchell. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 29-31. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 1-4.)

CASABLANCA—There was apparently plenty going on in the town even before the A.E.F. had ever seen the place. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

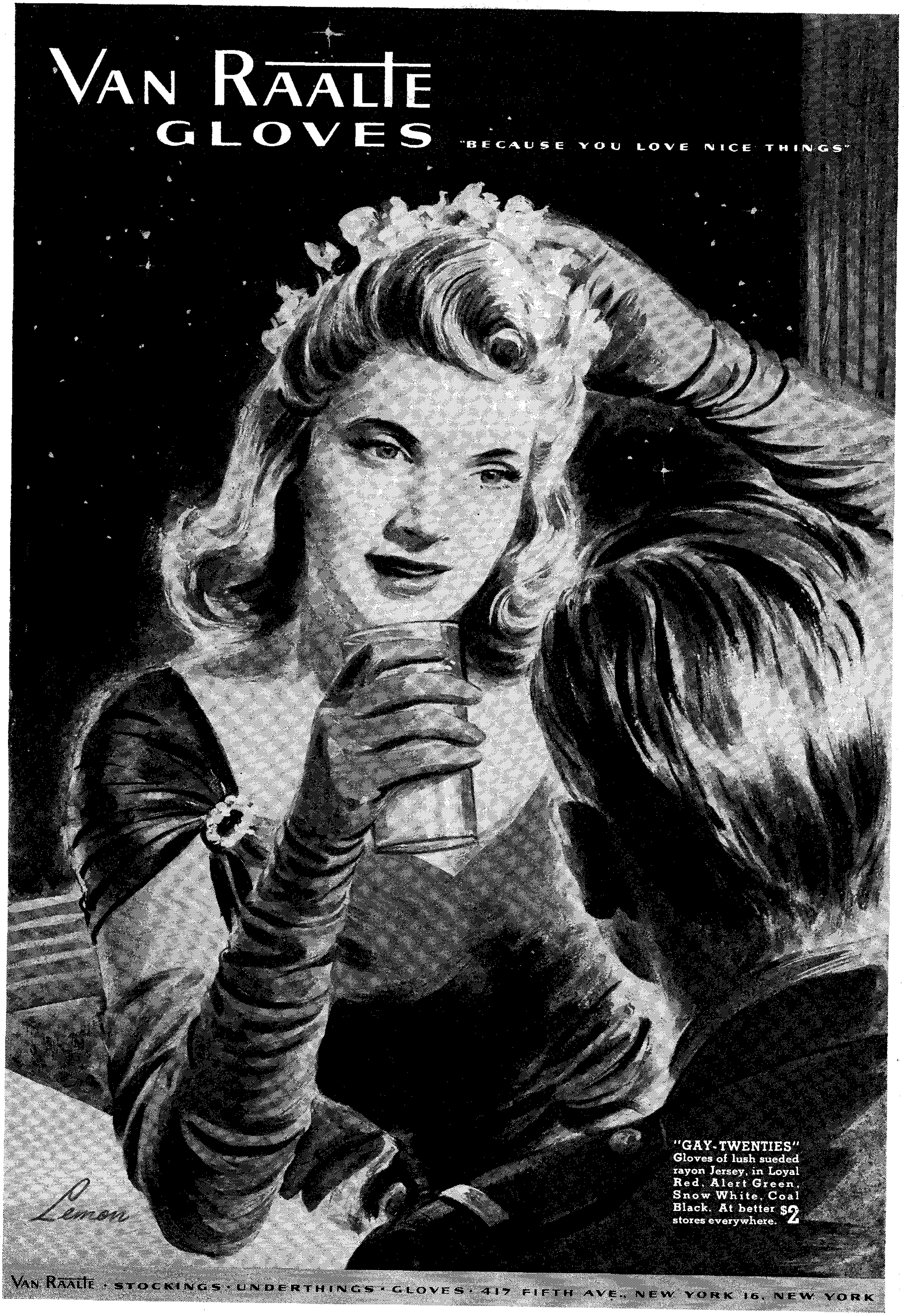
THE CONSTANT NYMPH—A conscientious new interpretation of the much-interpreted novel, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Aug. 26.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

HERS TO HOLD—The frolicsome romance of a rich girl and a flier. Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 30. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 1.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Voted the best picture of 1942 by the Film Critics' Circle, and with a certain amount of justice. It's the one about the British destroyer, by, and with, Noel Coward. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 27-30.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Aug. 26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; *through* Fri., Aug. *27.* . . . *Gramercy Park,*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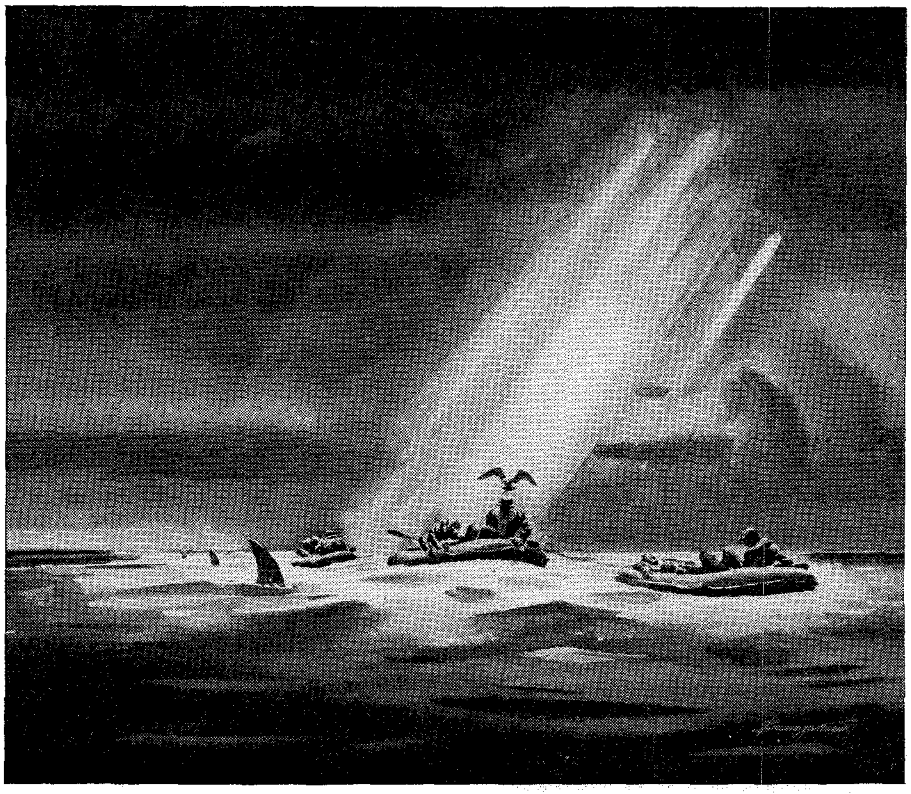

EVER EAT RAW SEA GULL?

"We organized little prayer meetings in the evening and morning. Frankly and humbly we prayed for deliverance. Then we prayed for food. If it wasn't for the fact that I had seven witnesses, I wouldn't dare tell this story, because it seems so fantastic. But within an hour after prayer meeting a sea gull came in and landed on my head."

—CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

THEY ATE the gull raw. Used the innards for bait that caught two fish. Ate them raw, too. Seven of the eight lived, to be rescued, to fight again to help win this war for you and me.

Yet, some of us act as though the days of human sacrifice were over . . . some of us blind as bats to the blood and sweat of men who put their lives in the balance . . . some of us squawking over gas rationing when one of our old tires would furnish rubber enough for a raft . . . some of us belly-aching over shortages when we ought to get on our knees and thank God we're not living on raw gull and ripe fish . . . some of us four-flushing about our contributions, when they couldn't stand examination through an honest microscope.

Take War Bonds, for example. Are you buying your *full* share—not just what you can conveniently afford, but *all* you can?

Let's get this straight. Our very lives are at stake. The least we can do is to put every penny, every dime, every dollar we can into War Bonds—the finest investment we Americans will ever make.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value: If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

WE'VE GOT TO WIN! BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

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Early American Old Spice and Friendship's Garden Toiletries

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 29-31. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 30-31. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; tentative, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn encounter one another in the Washington hurly-burly, with droll consequences. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 27-31. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 1-3.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—A number of Hollywood civilians have been added to the soldier cast, but no harm done. The newcomers include George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney gives you a colorful lecture, with maps and animation, on the potentialities of bombing. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Aug. 27.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Paul Lukas and Bette Davis in a fine adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play about the refugee leader of the German underground. (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., Aug. 27.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed., Sept. 1.)

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Aug. 26.)

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues., through Thurs., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of all the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

DUMBO (1941)—Disney animals, mostly elephants. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 27-30.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 27-28.)

LABURNUM GROVE (1941)—Edmund Gwenn as a respectable old London counterfeiter. With Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 27-30.)

THE LITTLE FOXES (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 27-30.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—The hazards of Greenwich Village life. With Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 29-31.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton plays the man with all the wives. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

STAND-IN (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 27.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 27-30.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Aug. 26.)

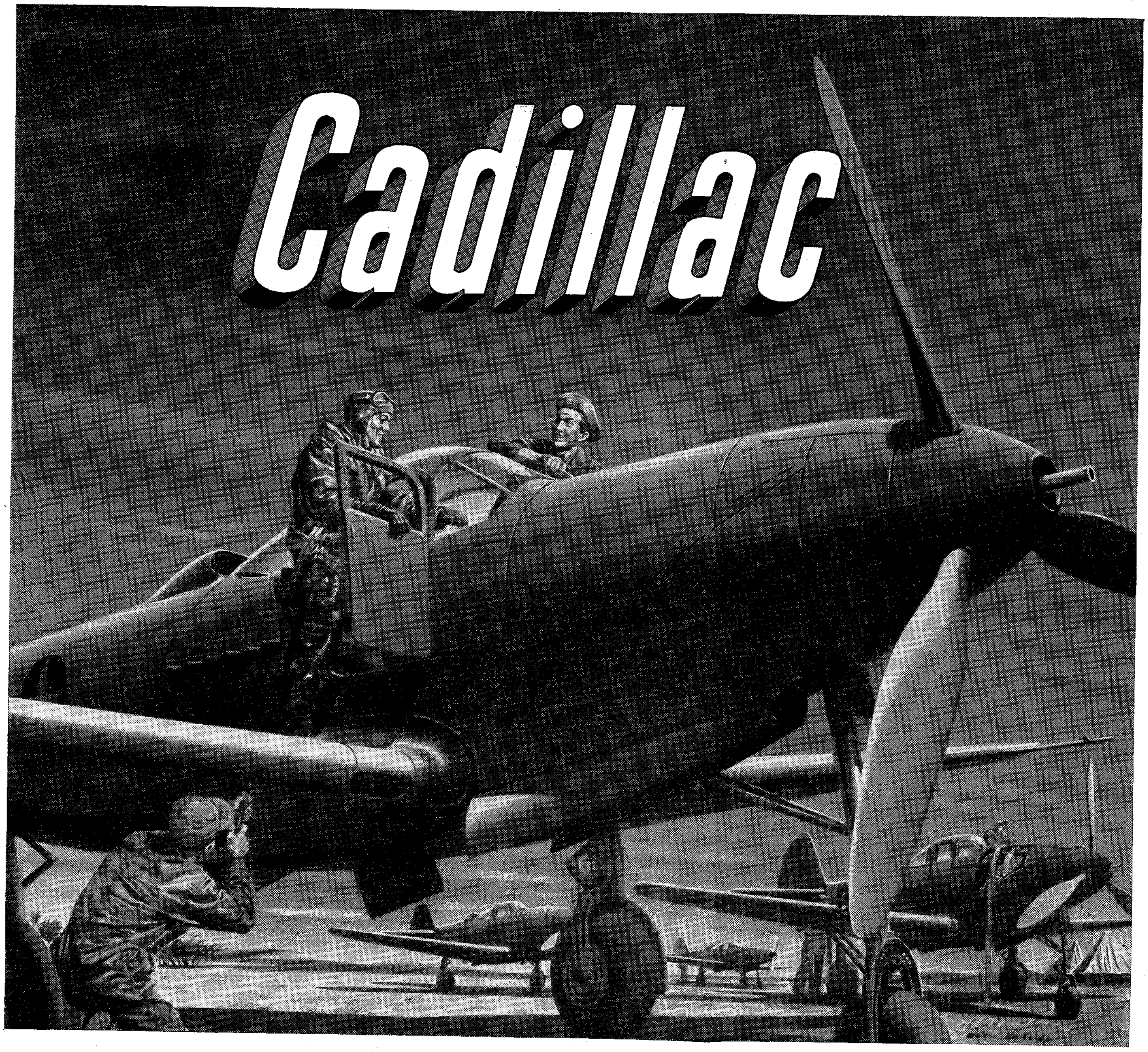
UNION PACIFIC (1939)—A huge panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Aug. 27.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed., Sept. 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., AUG. 28.** "The Forgotten Village" (1941), John Steinbeck semi-documentary film. **FROM SUN., AUG. 29** (extra showing at 4 P.M. on weekdays): eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936) featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—There is still an urgent need for many men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301) which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can



Our fourth year..“*in the Army*”

When war clouds over Europe cast their first long shadows on the American continent, industry was called upon to help speed the armament program, and Cadillac “enlisted.” That was back in March of 1939.

Our first assignment was to build vital precision parts for the Allison—America’s foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine—and we’ve been at it ever since. Today we are producing such important units as the crankshaft, the camshaft, the connecting rods, the reduction gears, the piston pins, and in addition, more than 170 other vital parts for the power train. The parts we make embody some of the finest precision work achieved by American industry. In many instances it calls for tolerances as close as three ten/thousandths of an inch.

But that is not the full story of what Cadillac is doing. We also build the new high-speed M-5 light tank containing two Cadillac-inspired innovations entirely new to mechanized warfare. They were adapted to tank use by U. S. Army ordnance engineers cooperating with Cadillac engineers. This M-5 light tank has been in volume production on Cadillac assembly lines for many months.

We are not only building to the finest standards we have ever achieved—but we are keeping abreast of every assignment made to us.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
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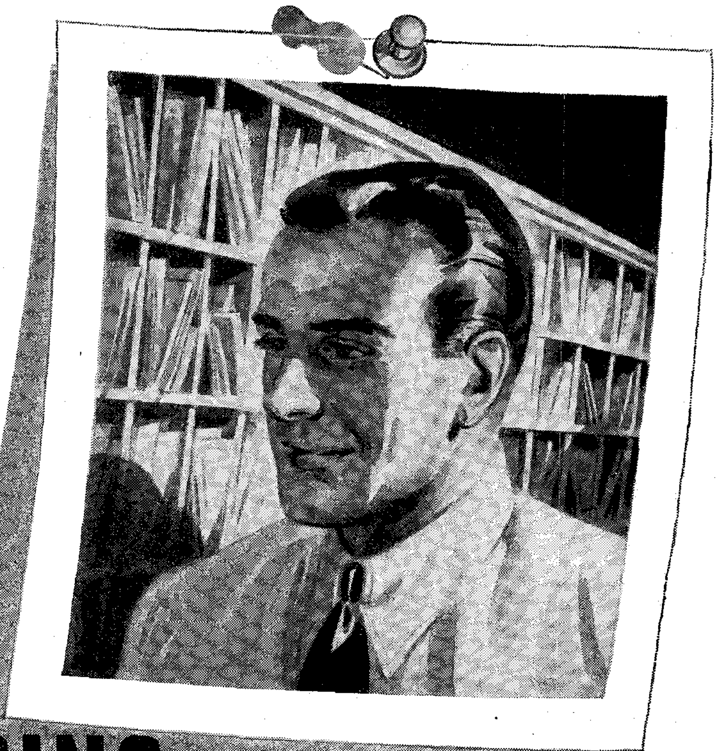
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



MISSING – the man who kept a whole town in his head –

What a memory! Letter sorter for seven years in the main postoffice. Knew just where every address in town was. Then Uncle Sam tapped him . . . The man on his job now uses a map, directory and telephone book—but a lot of the mail is late.

The Post Office has lost to the armed forces about 35,000 men, whose local knowledge can't be replaced in years. To prevent late mail from becoming a national menace, Postal Unit Delivery numbers have been assigned to about 120 cities. The numbers save time in sorting. With no number, the letter may lose a day at its destination.

The numbers should be used from now on—not just to help the Post Office, but for proper delivery of your own mail. Make the number part of your address, if you are in one of the assigned cities. Revise your mailing lists and stencils, include the Unit Delivery numbers for every city where they are in use. Prompt action now on the part of business mailers will save millions of days delay for the whole country.

ARMY E NAVY

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1660 PACIFIC STREET, STAMFORD, CONN.

Originators of Metered Mail . . . largest manufacturer of Postage Meters in the world . . . Now entirely devoted to war work.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

also help people sign up with the Red Cross. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

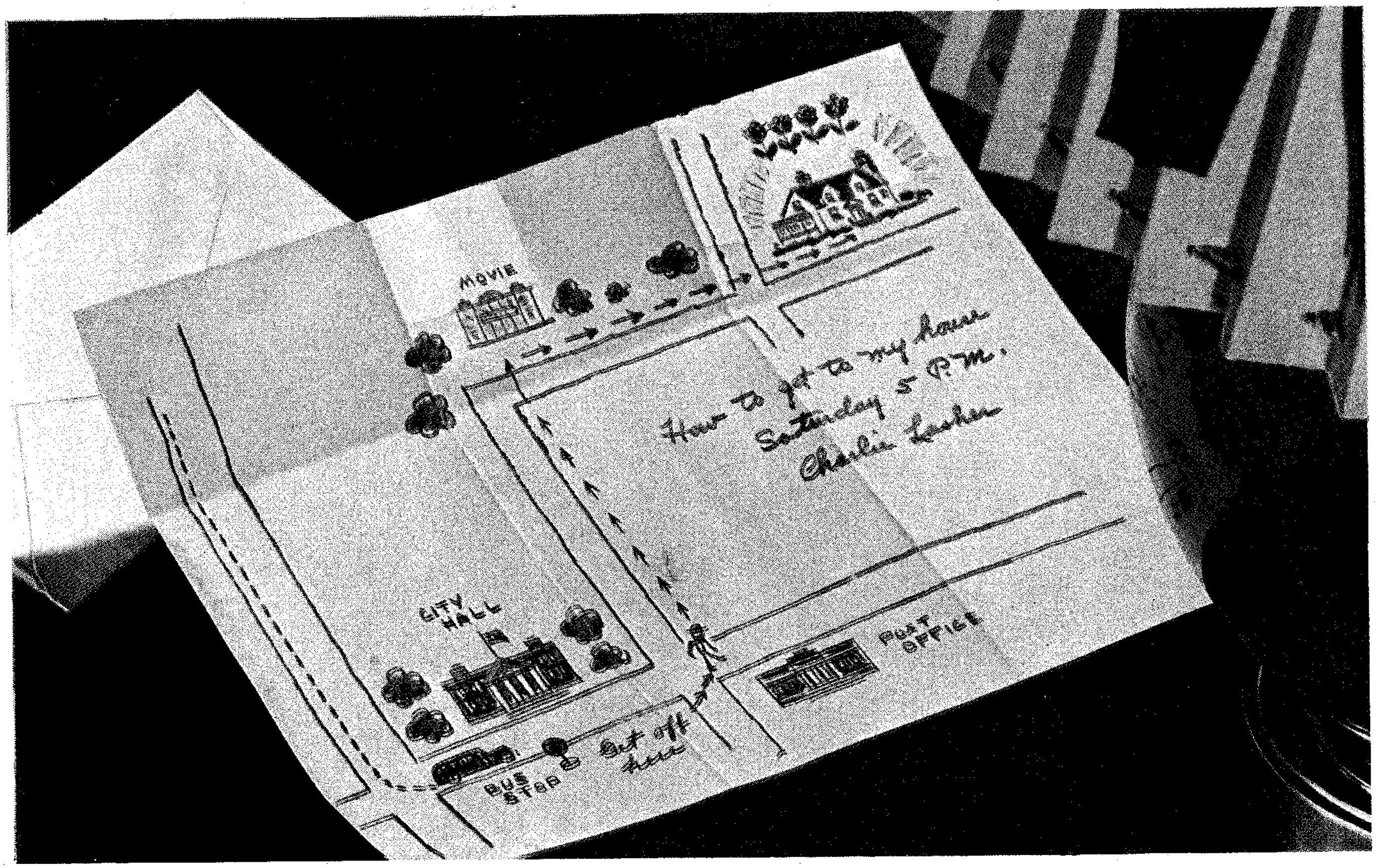
Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women over eighteen to put in at least eight hours a week doing highly necessary but unskilled work in hospitals; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for food, bombs, blasting powder, and shells. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for a hundred pounds or more (roughly, a stack five feet high) and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for manufacturing gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery sections.

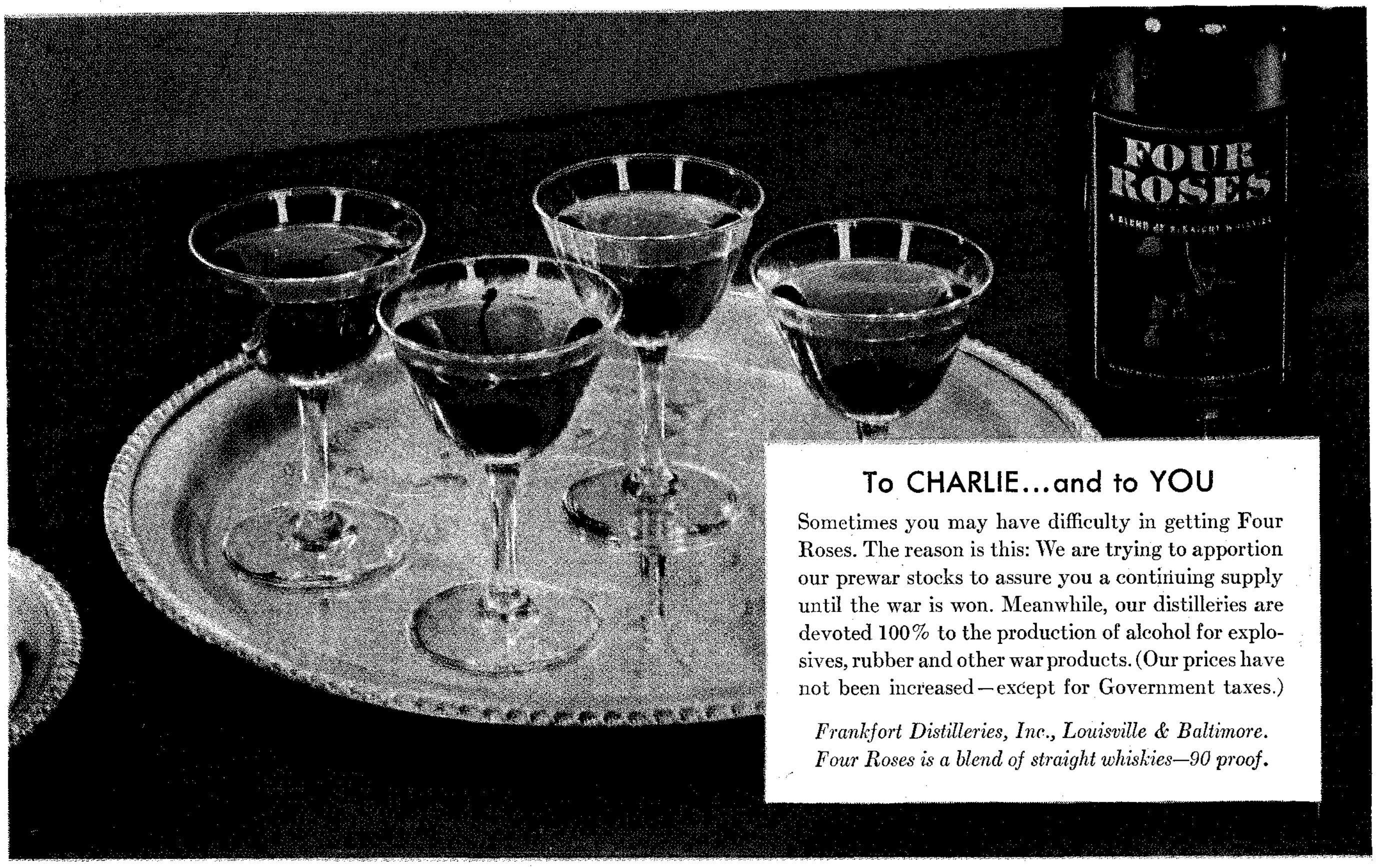
SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to buy a number of fully-equipped Ciné-Kodak Special motion-picture cameras with one-inch, *f*1.9 lenses. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 193). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute anything which you may care to donate for the use of servicemen. Phonographs, radios, and athletic paraphernalia can all be used, and cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave. at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications.


MOVIE
How to get to my house
Saturday 5 P.M.
Charlie Lasher
CITY HALL
POST OFFICE
BUS STOP
Get off here

How to get to Charlie's House

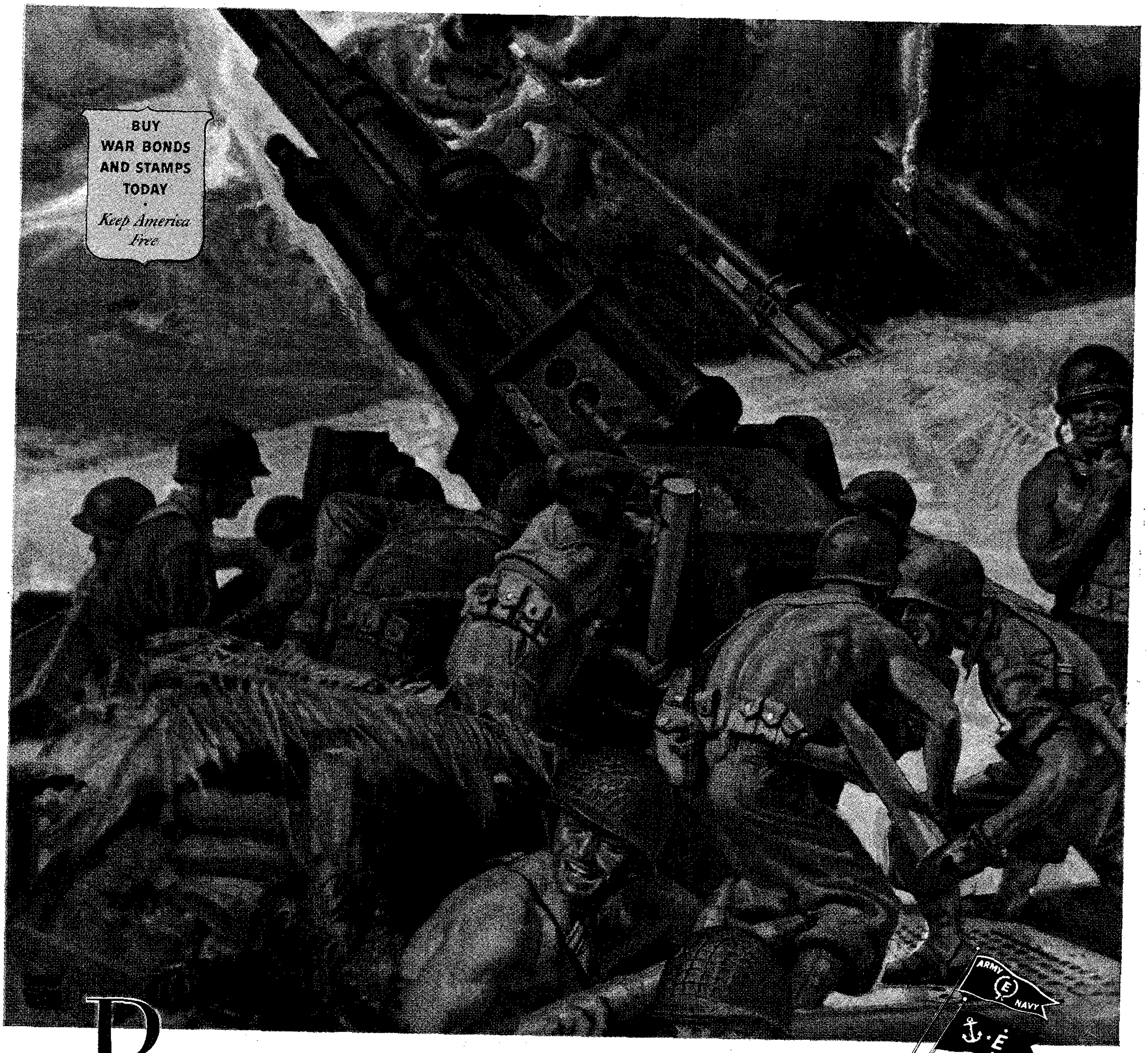
Reason for getting to Charlie's House


FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

To CHARLIE...and to YOU

Sometimes you may have difficulty in getting Four Roses. The reason is this: We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for Government taxes.)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.



Body blow by Fisher

First in the automotive industry to fly the Navy "E" with three stars, Fisher has also been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for its ahead-of-schedule tank production.

It's bad news for enemy planes–this 90-millimeter anti-aircraft gun.

Here are a few notes for the record–time and place deleted.

A four-gun battery of these "nineties" brought down sixteen high-altitude bombers in twelve days.

"Body blow" was right!

Fisher is proud of this gun, although Fisher did not make *all* of it. Like most armament, it is a fine example of the cooperative spirit of American industry, with many manufacturers contributing to the finished product.

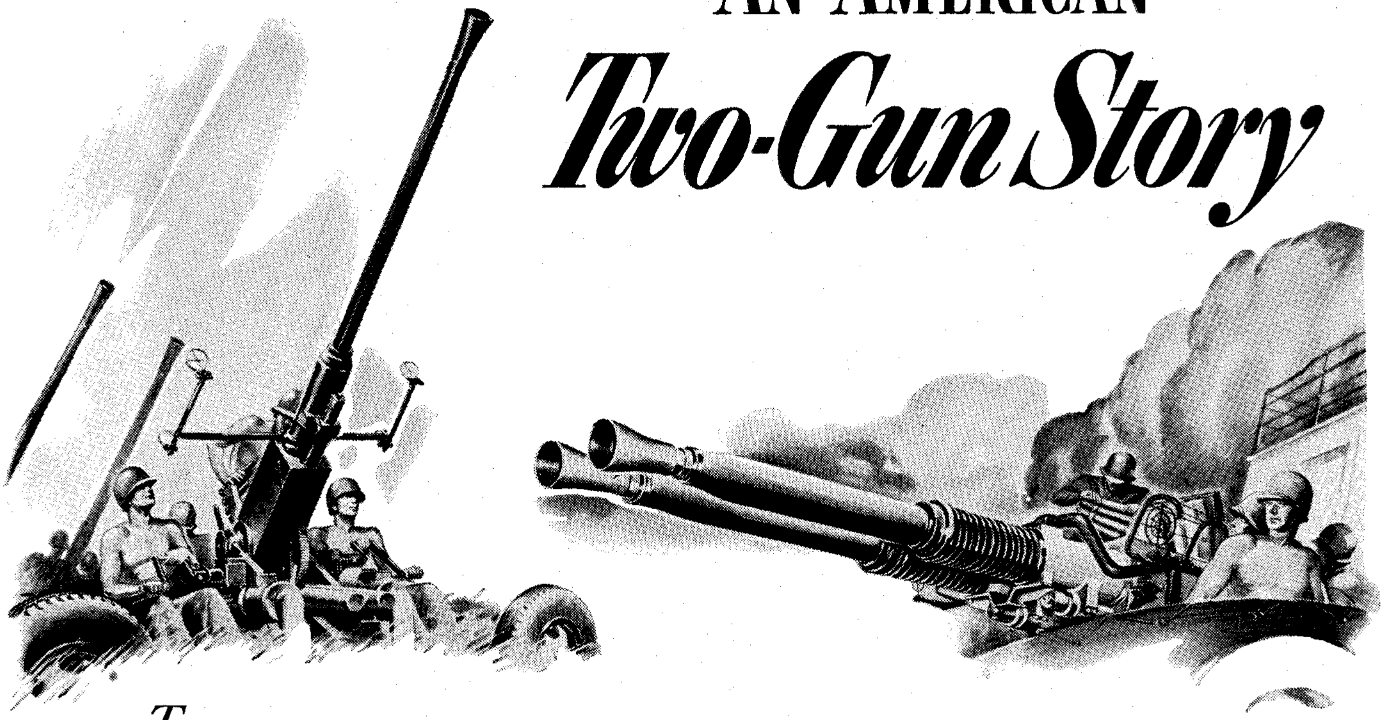
Perhaps Fisher's most notable contribution to this national effort is craftsmanship well directed. Precision men and precision methods help to give Fisher tanks, bombers, anti-aircraft guns and delicate aircraft instruments a technical plus. All the unusual crafts and special skills we have developed are trained on this target.

In war as in peace, craftsmanship is our goal. And we do our best to make the Fisher name on armament mean an ace in the hole when the going gets tough.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AN AMERICAN *Two-Gun Story*

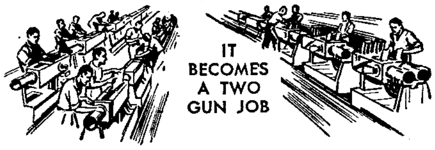


THEY are 40 millimeter anti-aircraft cannon; produced in quantity for the first time in the U.S.A. by Chrysler Corporation, and installed on fighting ships, on shore defenses, and going with the armies into action on land.

We saw the gun for the first time at the Frankford Arsenal on January 4, 1941. It had never been made in large quantities. Its drawings and specifications were not designed for volume manufacturing methods. Our first step toward making them in large numbers was to re-dimension every part to meet our volume production requirements.

To help speed this work, one of the guns was promptly shipped to us at Detroit with the existing drawings and specifications for its more than 1500 parts. When the gun arrived it was taken apart and studied piece by piece to determine how each part could best be made. At the same time our engineers and draftsmen began the new drawings and specifications for all the parts.

On February 3, came an order from the U. S. Navy to build a pair of test guns at once. As work on these first two guns advanced, our technicians and production specialists continued their efforts toward simplification of construction and assembly, and determined the tools and equipment that would be required for large quantity production.



A study of the gun by our planning and purchasing specialists indicated that the making of more than half the parts could be subcontracted to other companies. We began at once to place orders with some 1836 subcontractors, located in 281 towns in 30 states.

On June 20, 1941, we were authorized to set up to build the gun in two types—water-cooled, twin mounted guns for the Navy, and air-cooled, mobile mounted guns with single barrels for the Army.

The two test guns on which we had been working were now completed. Within ten days they were tested by the U. S. Army Ordnance Department and approved.

Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler plants were given their assignments to manufacture certain parts of the guns that were best suited to their facilities.

CANNON—
CAR AND TRUCK
PRODUCTION
METHODS

As gun production got under way the experience gained in years of car and truck production, and the cooperation of Army and Navy engineers, aided us in developing manufacturing short-cuts which saved much time, material and use of machine tools.

One part formerly machined from solid brass was changed to a combination of steel and bronze, saving 50,000 pounds of precious brass per month.

We formed the gunsight plate from powdered metal. This was faster, saving not only machine time but material, too.

We made the flash-hider from a plain steel tube instead of a solid forging, saving greatly in time and over 50% of the material.

Gun barrel drilling time was cut in half, and rifle grooving was reduced from six hours to forty-five minutes. Many other time and material saving short-cuts were worked out as gun production moved ahead.

The care and precision with which each part is made enables us to put the guns together in one-thirtieth the time required before we applied quantity production methods.

A STORY
FROM
THE SOUTH
PACIFIC

☆ ☆ ☆

From the South Pacific came a thrilling action story, reported by the Incentive Division, U. S. Navy. A fine American battleship, under the command of Captain Thomas Leigh Gatch, in 30 minutes of swift, deadly action, destroyed 32 Jap torpedo planes—many with 40 mm. anti-aircraft guns.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks • Tank Engines • Anti-Aircraft Guns • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Aircraft Engines • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Cantonment Furnaces • Troop Motor Transports • Ambulances • Marine Tractors • Weapon Carriers • Marine and Industrial Engines • Gyro-Compasses • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Powdered Metal Parts • Harbor Tugs • Field Kitchens • Bomb Shackles • Tent Heaters • Refrigeration Compressors • Aircraft Landing Gears • and Other Important War Equipment.

In the production of this war equipment Chrysler Corporation is assisted by 8,079 subcontractors in 856 towns in 39 states

---

Tune in Major Bowes every Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

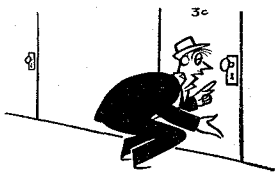
Notes and Comment

“THE question,” says Dr. Lin Yutang, “is really this: does Force work?” We doubt that it is the question, but in any event the answer is easy. Force obviously works. It is the one thing that does work. Every day we see force work (to our advantage) in areas where it is applied in support of law and with the consent of the community. Every twenty years or so we see force work (to our disadvantage) in areas where it is disassociated with law and is applied whimsically and without popular consent. The question is not whether force works but whether, and how, the area of community and the sense of community can be broadened to the point where force becomes universally, as well as locally, beneficent.

Dr. Lin gives himself away quite by accident a few sentences later in his book. Although he decries force and turns his scorn against it, in doing so he remarks, “Who will be the consummate fatalist to tell the world in plain, convincing, *forceful* terms that . . . the fruit of Force is Fear and Hatred?” (The italics are ours.) Even for the task of denouncing force, Dr. Lin falls back on it.

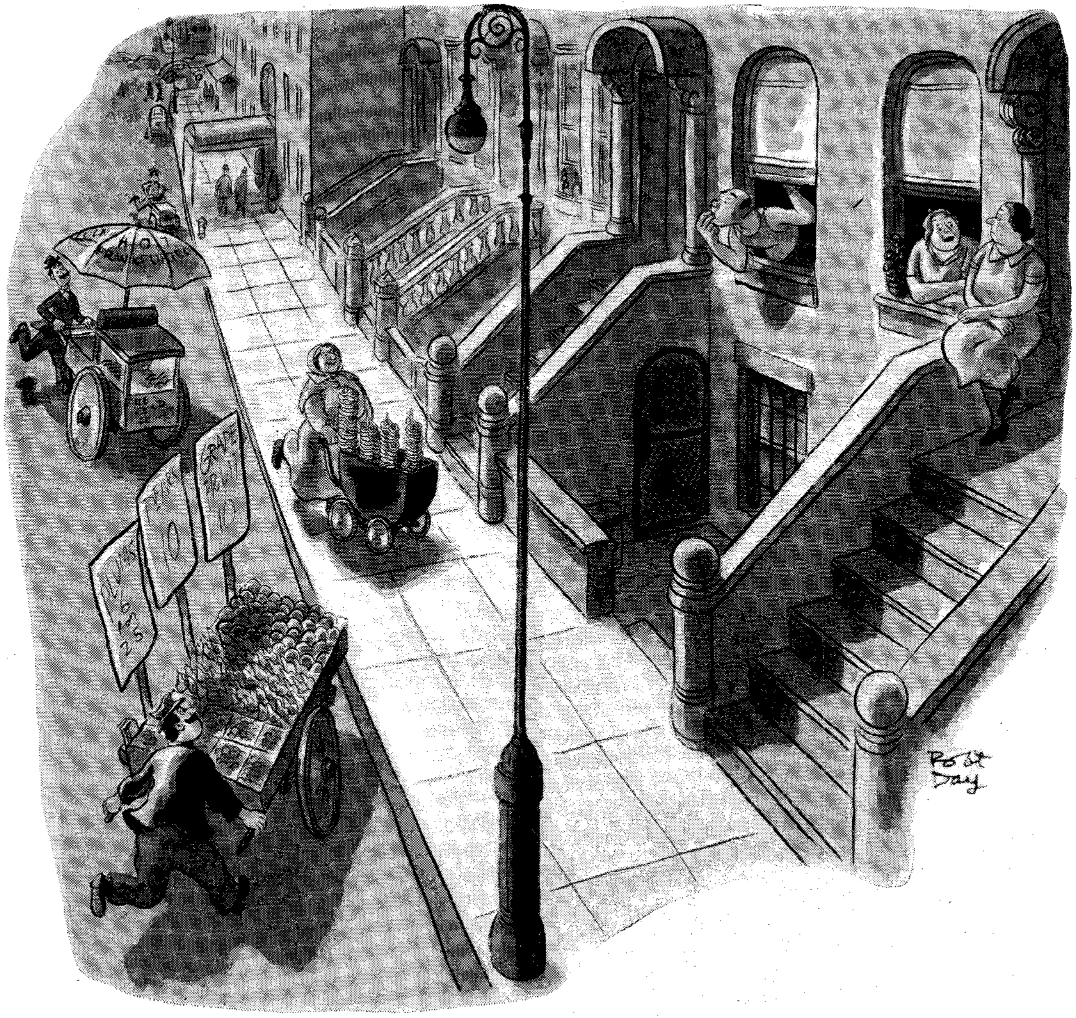
TRANSLATION FROM THE CHINESE: Nothing unwinds faster than a kite string, unless it be an indignant philosopher.

“FOR instance,” said a *Life* editorial the other week, “there is not a home in America, not an automobile, not a radio or refrigerator that does not need to be improved. We must replace them all with new and better ones. We must people the skyways with airplanes and helicopters and crowd the ether with television.” There is the American Dream again, the bright, stainless steel vision of the world we’re heading for. *Life* very sensibly did not get specific, leaving the matter vague enough to seem almost enticing. On the other hand, at almost the same moment, the usually staid *New Republic* devoted more than two pages to the details of the world of the future, and it was like coming up close to a beautiful woman and realizing suddenly that her hair is made of wire. Every poultry house will have its air-purifying Sterilamp and every house its dust-eliminating Precipitron. An electronic printing machine will turn out a daily newspaper in the living room, or, “if you prefer,” will print up news flashes all day long. Books will come on metal spools and be read aloud by machinery—in, we assume, a dull, librarian’s voice. Lights will switch on as you approach a room, callers at the front door will be previewed by television, and police booths along the highways will have machines that automatically record the speed of every passing car. The mechanical marvel of the future that stopped us dead, though, was a door that unlocks when the right password is spoken to it. There, it seems to us, the world of the future loses all its glamour. The sight of a present-day drunk fumbling the key everywhere but into the keyhole is hardly a cheering sight, but the vision of a drunk of the future, standing hopeless and betrayed before his door and muttering “Goat song? Happy birthday? Celery? Death-and-taxes? Frank Sinatra? Syracuse? William Cullen Bryant? Guava jelly? Lancelot?” while the door resolutely refuses to open is downright depressing.



BE damned if we can figure out just what our relations with our readers are supposed to be. Here’s a note from a professor of botany who is now in the humid swamps of Venezuela, working for the RFC on the problem of developing rubber plantations there. He wants to tell us about a nifty he pulled when a pal of his, a Greek savant, was forced by some domestic crisis to get an advance on his salary. He, the professor of botany, then demurely inquired if the sum in question was not owed on a Grecian earn. The plight of a man marooned in a South American jungle with no company but a Greek savant, a handful of native bearers, and a bad pun is certainly pathetic, but, as we said, we don’t see how we fit into the picture. All we could think of to do with the note was rubber-stamp it “FOR YOUR INFO” and mail it to Somerset Maugham.

A WEEK or so ago a night watchman in a factory found the body of a strange man lying in front of the office safe, a kit of burglar tools at his side. The next day another corpse was found pinned under a car in a parking lot. In both cases, the police established to their satisfaction that the men had died while committing a crime. The burglar had suffered a fatal heart attack; the man under the car had been stealing the tires, and the jack slipped. We have put aside, after due consideration, the possibility that these happenings may have been coincidental and have reverently accepted the fact that divine retribution is again at work, for the moment specializing, it appears, in crimes against property. In the regular criminal courts, of course, breaking-and-entering and the possession of burglar tools could hardly get you more than ten years, and the theft of a set of tires would



"Al says nuts to the OPA. When he wants something he just whistles for it."

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ordinarily mean only about six months on the Island. Reform administrations are notoriously overzealous, though, and nothing can be done about it. Best thing is to lay low until these bolts of lightning blow over.

Ghost Story

FOR reasons of its own, a local firm wanted to get in touch with the postmaster at Knoxville, Tennessee. Accordingly, a letter was dispatched, addressed simply "Postmaster, Knoxville, Tennessee." Back came the letter, in no time at all, bearing a rubber-stamped notation, "Unclaimed at Knoxville." There was another rubber-stamped message, too, asking for three cents more postage.

Tooker

NO doubt about it, one of the heroes of the Normandie salvage job is Captain John I. Tooker, a civilian employee of the firm of Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the big salvage outfit which contracted to raise the Normandie, under the direction of the Navy, or, if you're a fiend for dotting your i's and crossing your t's, the U. S. S. Lafayette. Anyway, it's the biggest salvage job in history. Captain Tooker, when he made his estimate on the work, said it would take twenty months and cost six million dollars; now it looks as if he'll make a fool of himself by doing it in sixteen months at a cost of something nearer four million. Not bad, not bad. Captain Tooker is a close-mouthed, sturdy fellow in his late forties. He has been with Merritt-Chapman & Scott ever since he was eighteen, when he graduated from high school in Staten Island and signed on as a deckhand. He is now, and has been for some years, an over-all boss of salvage projects, having worked his way up as a diver tender, diver, derrick captain, and captain of various salvage steamers. Captain Tooker's father was a salvage man before him, and two of the Captain's sons are working as divers on the Normandie job. A third is with the Army, in Sicily. Captain Tooker's home is on Staten Island, but he has figured out that in the last thirty years he has spent only about a quarter of the time at home.

On the Normandie job, Captain Tooker calls himself the salvage officer and the Navy calls him the superintendent; in any case, he's the working boss. "The Navy tells us to raise a boat and we go ahead and do it our own way," he told us the other day, in a hoarse, harbor-captain's voice. "There can't be two bosses on a job." He got in on the job very early. On the night of February 9, 1942, he was called to Pier 88 to give expert advice on fighting the fire that was sweeping the ship. The next day, after she had settled on her side, he was asked to investigate the possibility of salvage. His report said it was possible, though not without risk, since the hull was lying partly on a rock ledge and partly in mud and might be subject to all sorts of unpredictable stresses. After deliberation, the Navy said go ahead. Captain Tooker has stayed on the job all the time except for one trip to Block Island to give an opinion on the raising of a couple of sunken tankers. Usually he sleeps at the Commodore so as to be at hand if he's wanted. For a while after they started to pump the hull out, he slept aboard one of the tugs in the slip, if you can call twelve hours' sleep in seven days sleeping. The savings in time and money on the job were the result, so the captain says, of a twelve-hour, two-shifts-a-day schedule, an efficient school for training and breaking in divers right on the job, and the use of a new kind of patch for portholes. One of the Captain's colleagues advised us that he was being modest about the porthole patch. Seems Captain Tooker invented it and that it's known, and admired, in salvage circles as the Tooker porthole patch. On a sunken hull, a porthole is just one more leak, and has to be sealed before the hull can be pumped out; the Captain's patch, which we couldn't possibly describe, greatly speeds up the work.

Captain Tooker gave the Navy his

opinion on raising the ships sunk at Pearl Harbor, flying out and back shortly after the Japanese attack. His salvage jobs have taken him all over the world, usually for considerable periods of time. For example, he spent four and a half months refloating the 23,000-ton German ship Magdalena, which ran ashore off Curaçao, in the West Indies, ten years ago. He's been up to Hudson Bay and down to Valparaiso, raising ships from the bottom or pulling them off the rocks. During the last war, while he was still a diver, he worked on the St. Paul, which sank in New York Harbor. Once, during a hurricane in the Caribbean, he started out from Jamaica in a small salvage steamer to rescue a disabled freighter off the coast. The vessel, with its helpless crew aboard, kept drifting in the storm, and it wasn't until five days later that he caught up with her off the coast of Cuba. It's all in a salvage man's life.

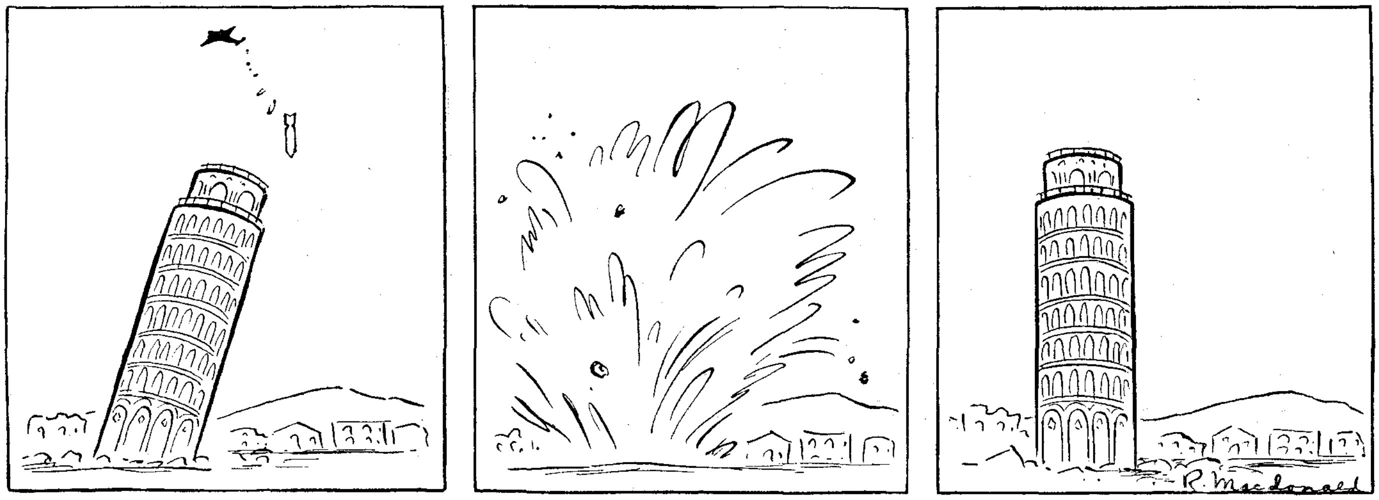
Amen

A SOLDIER back from North Africa tells us that for a while his outfit was quartered in the same barracks as a French Zouave regiment and that the Zouaves got along fine with the Americans and, furthermore, made considerable progress with the American language. Most of the Zouaves were conspicuously devout Mohammedans, but there was one who particularly got our friend's attention. He was always praying long after the others had stopped. One sundown found our friend near enough to the pious Zouave to hear his intercessions as he knelt, facing Mecca, on his prayer rug. The American couldn't understand the words, of course, but he felt he was a better man just for hearing them. The sun went down, the Zouave got up from his knees, rolled up his prayer rug, and started into the barracks. Then he paused, glanced over his shoulder in the direction of Mecca, and said, "O.K.?"

Fall Webworms

THE fall webworm (*Hyphantria cunea*) has muscled its way into these news-packed pages by virtue of the job it did on the city's ailanthus trees during the last couple of weeks. For the benefit of those people who haven't got an ailanthus to come home to at night, we should perhaps explain that the fall webworms, whose season is really summer, have a particularly maddening modus operandi. They swarm over an ailanthus, spin webs around clumps of foliage, and within four or five days eat every leaf on the tree. This is especially astonishing in view of the popular notion that the ailanthus is impervious to anything short of an attack with a sharp hatchet. Well, having stripped literally every ailanthus in town (they completed the job just about the time the Americans entered Messina), the webworms then turned to thoughts of warm, dry places to spin a cocoon and spend the winter, and they began invading houses. A lady at 16 East Sixty-fourth Street found them on her rugs and walls; another, at 413 East Fiftieth Street, in her kitchen sink. Others discovered them between the bedsheets, in radio sets, in draperies and upholstery. People whose apartments were getting decorated with cocoons, as well as those whose pet trees were being consumed, called up the local nature experts for advice. The Bronx Botanical Garden, the Museum of Natural History, and the Parks Department's forestry expert all got hundreds of calls. Unfortunately, there wasn't much advice to be given. Outdoors, webworms may be killed by an arsenate-of-lead spray (quite a chore, though, if they're in a big tree) and indoors they may be stepped on. That's just about the whole story.

Dr. C. H. Curran, a bug expert at the Museum of Natural History, has provided us with some well-integrated webworm data. As you may have noticed, the webworms are greenish-yellow caterpillars, about an inch long. After they hatch out of their cocoons, they are rather suave-looking nocturnal moths, with orange bodies and wings that are sometimes pure white and sometimes white with black dots. There are two generations of webworms a year. In late June and early July the moths lay their eggs on the under side of tree leaves, in clusters of seventy-five or more. In the country, the moths prefer butternut, walnut, or hickory trees, but in the city they go for an ailanthus every time. Well, in three or four days the eggs hatch out. The caterpillars in each egg cluster get together and spin a loose web around the bunch of leaves they intend to browse on. This is intended to repel their natural enemies, the parasitic flies, which, if they can get at a caterpillar, will deposit their eggs on its body. After three weeks in the communal web, the caterpillars are ready to spin cocoons; they crawl away in search of a good place, and it's then, of course, that they get into your tool kit and tobacco jar. If they can't get into a house, a dry crevice in the bark of a tree will do. Now, this batch, born, you remember, in early July, spends only about seven days in the cocoon, then emerges as moths, which in turn lay more eggs, which inside three or four days produce the summer's second batch of caterpillars. A little logical thought will show you that the second generation would be at least seventy-five times as numerous as the first, with at least seventy-five times the bad effect on the trees in the



back yard. Just to round the story off, this second generation of webworms stays in its cocoons all during the cold months, and those which haven't been winter-killed then show up in the spring and lay eggs in late June to keep the race going.

In general, this has been a bad year for gardeners. As we pointed out in an earlier story, Victory-garden pests are numerous and active. Fall and spring cankerworms have appeared in the suburbs. Working side by side with the webworms, we have had the atteva aurea moth, which looks and acts about the same. Dr. Curran says that undoubtedly the explanation of the current epidemic of webworms and attevas is simply that the flies which prey upon them haven't been as busy as they might for the last couple of years. The trees which have been attacked will probably live, providing they were otherwise in good health. The caterpillars will all be gone within a week after you read this.

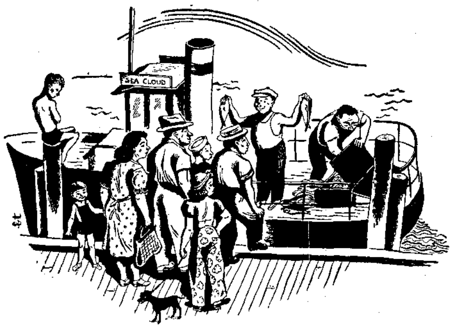
Bargain

A LITTLE old man laden down with parcels and a large umbrella boarded a Madison Avenue bus during the rush hour last Wednesday. After travelling several blocks insecurely suspended from a strap, he addressed a young woman sitting near him. "Young lady, I'd be willing to pay you a nickel for your seat," he said. The girl looked uncertain and unhappy, and finally got up and pushed toward the rear of the bus without having expressed any interest in the five cents. The little old man sat down and winked at one of his neighbors. "They never take it," he whispered.

The Man With the Book

WELL, sir, our attention having been called to a sensational four-page, four-color insert in the new 1943 fall-and-winter catalogue of Sears, Roebuck & Co., we have been investigating, and we find that gigantic machinations are afoot which, we learn, will result eventually in the sale of at least four books a year to each of the seven million families which now receive the Sears catalogue. Simon & Schuster, Sears, Cuneo Press of Chicago, and the Gallup Poll have organized to bring this about, under the name of the People's Book Club. The People's Book Club looks like the biggest thing to come along since the invasion of Sicily. As a matter of fact, Simon & Schuster's Mr. Shimkin was driven to such a comparison in describing it. "What it amounts to is combined operations in the book-publishing business," he told us. "We are pushing back the frontiers of book distribution. Our basic premise—not a very profound thought, perhaps—is that the rate of literacy and the desire to read books have increased tremendously during the last few decades. The methods of book distribution have not kept pace with the increased potential demand. In terms of business principles, we are trying to close the gap. It's a missionary sort of job. When I say combined operations, I mean we are a task force composed of three teams: first, an outstanding book publisher; second, the biggest distributor of merchandise in the world; and, third, a printing firm with the know-how of book production." It all looks colossal to us, and the only rub that we can think of in the undertaking is whether Lloyd Douglas's "The Robe" and Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision," which are included in the initial offer, can meet the competition of the Sears catalogue itself, which for generations has been the traditional favorite reading matter along the R.F.D. routes of America.

Last year the directors of Sears, reviewing their inventory in the light of priorities and wartime shortages, decided that books, relatively plentiful, might be pushed to advantage. They called upon Mr. Shimkin as a consulting expert—a wise move, Mr. Shimkin having been responsible for such cultural landslides as "How to Win Friends and Make Like Willkie." Shimkin outlined his plan and Sears gave him carte blanche. At first glance, the People's Book Club seems to resemble certain other book clubs we could name: members contract to buy a minimum of four books a year, at $1.66 a copy, and get a free book for joining up. There is also a free book on the house whenever a customer has bought four, and a monthly magazine, *The People's Choice*, to keep him posted on literary matters. The People's Book Club differs from the other clubs in the way the books will be chosen. Dr. Gallup, at the very moment we write this, is engaged in organizing a People's Book Club Jury. The People selected to serve on the jury will be, in Dr. Gallup's opinion, a cross-section representing all the intellectual forces active among recipients of the Sears catalogue. They will steal time from the farm chores to read advance copies of new books and write opinions. Thus, as Mr. Shimkin pointed out to us, their choice will be "the book that provides the greatest over-all reading pleasure, the book that delivers the goods, and these books won't be *se*lected but *e*lected as the people's choice." Or, in other of Mr. Shimkin's words, "We will offer the most popular books selected by the people for the people." The price of $1.66 was chosen because it represents a modest profit to all concerned and because it gets away from the 99's and other 9's with which the Sears catalogue is so plentifully sprinkled. "It's a nice even-odd figure, if you know what I mean," Mr. Shimkin remarked.

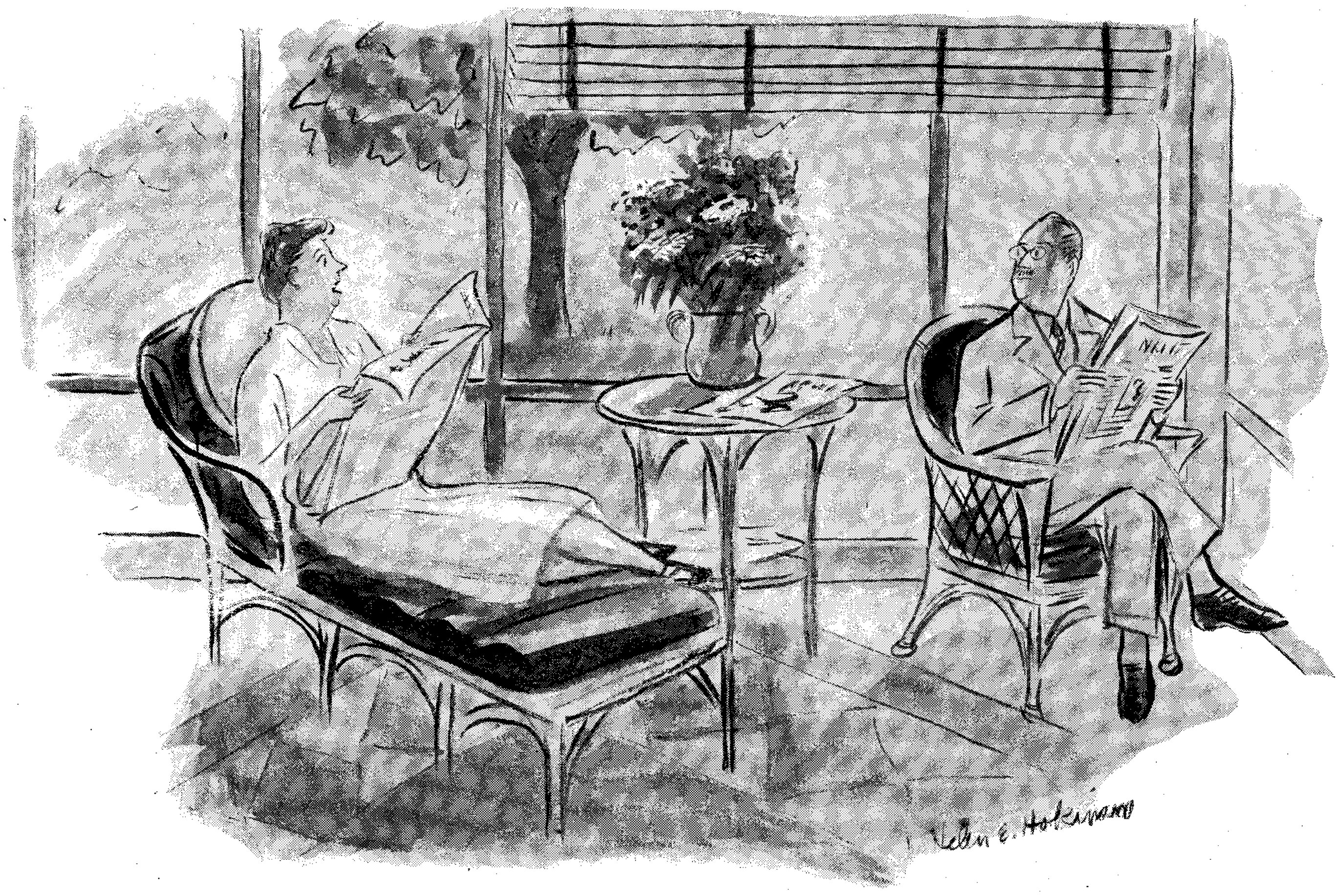


Shopping Hint

WE'VE heard from an ardent young matron of Forest Hills who thinks we should make known to mankind a dodge she thought up during a recent hot spell. When she had to come in to the city, she'd stop off at her grocer's on the way to the subway and buy one of those packages of frozen vegetables. Neatly wrapped in brown paper, it made an inconspicuous parcel which, held in the hands, acted as a cooling system, sort of like a reverse muff. She'd always get home in time to put the vegetables into boiling water, so nothing went to waste. Cost her four or five blue points and about twenty cents, usually. Corn is best, she says.

Tin Trove

WHEN the Metal and Thermit Corporation, of Carteret, New Jersey, invited the press over to their plant to see how the tin cans collected in New York City are processed for the recovery of their tin, we accepted with pleasure. The invitation included lunch beforehand at Whyte's Restaurant. When we got there we were greeted by a Mr. March and a Mr. Huff, representing, respectively, the city scrap-drive people and the WPB. Huff tipped us off immediately that the press was getting roast beef for lunch. "A lot of these par-



"My, but I'd be nervous if I were Hitler!"

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ties are being held on Meatless Tuesday, but I said no, let's have it on Wednesday," he said. "I figured we'd all need something to eat if we were going to Jersey." March dashed by, intent on getting a drink for a couple of journalists. "Just had a call from Levy of Waste Fats—they're not doing so well," he remarked, over his shoulder. "March is the executive type," Huff confided to us. "Likes to be busy." That's everything of importance about lunch, except that while we were eating it we were addressed by Mrs. Charles Copeland, who was identified as an official of the A.W.V.S. and the first lady to ride on a garbage truck.

After lunch, we went by cab to the Department of Sanitation's dock, down under the Brooklyn Bridge, to watch some of the Department's trucks load tin cans onto barges for the trip to Carteret. We noticed that most of the cans had not been properly prepared by the householders, but March told us that they were all past worrying about *that*. "If they just save 'em, we don't care whether or not they smash 'em," he said, adding dutifully, "Of course, it helps if they do." Another scrap-collection man told us that New York was turning in only three-eighths of its quota of tin cans. "We're not happy about it at all," he said, moodily kicking at an old tomato-juice can. He also told us the financial details of the setup. The Metal and Thermit Corporation pays the Department of Sanitation for each load of tin cans and the money goes to the city treasury. So far this year, some five hundred tons have been collected.

The inspection tour then proceeded to Carteret by rail and chartered bus, and we went through the detinning plant. A Mr. MacMillen, a plant representative, told us, "We detin for Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York. In other words, we're detinners." The barges are emptied into freight cars at the yard of the plant, and the contents weighed, to keep finances straight. Then the cans are moved to another part of the yard, where they are taken by conveyor belt to the detinning shed. On the way, all the extraneous junk is tossed aside by sorters. This is either sold to dealers or thrown away: stuff like automobile parts, old pots and pans, lengths of pipe, and so on. The tin cans, shimmying wildly against one another, proceed through a series of chemical baths which convert their coating into tin oxide. From the tin oxide, pure tin can handily be recovered. The steel carcasses of the cans are then sent to other plants concerned with the recovery of steel. The Metal and Thermit Corporation usually has four to five tons of tin pigs stored in its vaults, to be moved only on government order. Summing up the new position of tin in the industrial world, Mr. MacMillen said softly, "Tin is the cinderella metal."

Safe

A MILITARY policeman on one of the trains between New York and Boston was making a methodical inspection of each soldier's pass, and finally came to a downy-faced buck private travelling in a drawing room with a gray-haired lady who was obviously his mother. "Let's see your pass, soldier," said the M.P. "That's all right, Officer," said the lady. "He's with me."

THEN WE’LL SET IT RIGHT

A GREAT many new families had come to Marbury since the war began. The little fireworks plant had been expanded, with government help, to twenty times its former size and was producing ammunition in great quantities. The incoming executives had taken all the vacant winter houses, beautiful old houses, many of them, and the summer places were filled with families of officers at Camp Peters, fifteen miles away.

Young Laurence Purvis had been having a wonderful summer. He had never had so many playmates with such interesting backgrounds. Marbury was his second home; his father, who had grown up and had his first law practice here, still made it his legal residence, although the family spent most of their year in the city.

This Saturday, a hot, still, August day, the Purvises had lunched late so that Mr. Purvis, who had come down from town, could be with them. Laurence had eaten very fast, bending low over his plate and putting in one mouthful before the preceding one had been swallowed. He said he did not want dessert.

“What’s the matter with you, Laurence?” his mother asked. “You’ve bolted your food so, and now no dessert!”

Laurence lifted his chin eagerly. His narrow face and close-cropped, knobby head were the same shade of light brown. Only his large, dark eyes gave contrast and focus to his face. “It’s the Powderhouse Point gang. We’re expecting an attack. They’ve got an army too. We’ve had sentinels posted all morning.” He jammed his napkin into his ring and pushed his chair back from the table.

“Can I be excused now?” He began backing toward the door, his eyes on his father’s face. On the shoulders of his khaki shirt were stars cut from beer cans.

His father was a large man with smooth, soft skin and a statesmanlike jaw, slightly cleft in the middle. He looked at his son. “Excused?” he asked mildly.

“Yes. They’re waiting for me.”

“No doubt. But aren’t you forgetting something?” Mr. Purvis said.

“What?” Laurence asked in an alarmed and defensive voice.

“I think you know.”

“The dishes,” Laurence said grudgingly, and came slowly back to the table. “But just this once. It’s our big day.”

“You think your mother should do them, then?”

“No, but . . .”

“And the garden this morning. How much time did you put in?”

“But . . .” Laurence’s voice trailed off, then he sat down in his chair, sprawling defiantly, watching every bite his parents took.

“Come, boy,” said Mr. Purvis in his deep, rich voice. “Is this the way your troops obey orders?”

“No . . . sir,” Laurence answered, sitting up straight now.

“I wonder what sort of soldier you are.” Mr. Purvis paused, looking thoughtfully at Laurence. Laurence returned the gaze, not letting himself hope, moving a finger up and down one seam of his pants. “Because I’m more interested in the spirit in which it’s done than in the work itself, I’m going to make a counter-proposal. I could take over your dishwashing this once—” He held up his hand as Laurence moved eagerly. “This is going to be equally hard. You don’t want to just get out of something, do you?”

“No, Dad.”

“If things are too easy, you don’t feel good about them, do you? Well, you may go now if you will come back promptly at four-thirty and work for one full hour and a half in the garden.”

Laurence blinked and looked uneasily up at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes past two.

“Without any reminding. You’re on your honor, now. Remember.”

“All right, Dad.” With a little sigh Laurence grabbed up a belt and cap pistol from the table and rushed out the door.

Mr. Purvis smiled and turned to his wife. “He’s O.K.,” he said cheerfully. “We just have to deal with things as they come up, get them into the open, not let anything build up inside.”

From the road, where Laurence was racing to catch up with two members of his company, came the sounds of shooting produced with tireless mechanical precision by the mouths of small boys.

Mr. Purvis put down his spoon and listened. “Anti-aircraft and Thompsons,” he said. “In my day we had nothing to guide us on the sounds. We actually went around shouting ‘Bang, bang,’ the way it was written in books. Very crude by present standards.”

“In a way it’s terrible, though,” his wife said. “Laury told me how to kill a man in the dark with a knife without making a sound.”

Mr. Purvis laughed and pretended to cringe away from her. “You aren’t going to try it?” he asked. “But really, puss, it’s not terrible at all. Death is a word to them, a theatrical fall to the ground. They have all that destructive energy that they can blow off by pretending to shoot each other. It gets it out of their system.”

“The terms he uses!” Mrs. Purvis laughed. “And those books in his room. I can’t understand a word of them.”

“He really organizes those boys,” Mr. Purvis said. “Sixteen kids showing up every day, to take his orders and like it. In my day we just bickered.” The sweet dessert, the warm air, and thoughts of the weekend merged tranquilly. He looked down at the table.

“Oh, God,” he said. “The dishes.”

“Oh, I’ll do them. You’ve had a hard week.”

“Do you really mind, puss?” he asked, patting her arm.

LAURENCE’S company was encamped in a rarely used sand pit which made a crater in the side of a high, wooded hill. Except for one opening, where the winding truck road ran onto the floor of the pit, it was enclosed by sand walls rising for forty or fifty feet. It was a perfect place for dugouts and foxholes, although not defensible against an enemy who had gained the rim above. This was protected, however, by machine-gun and mortar emplacements.

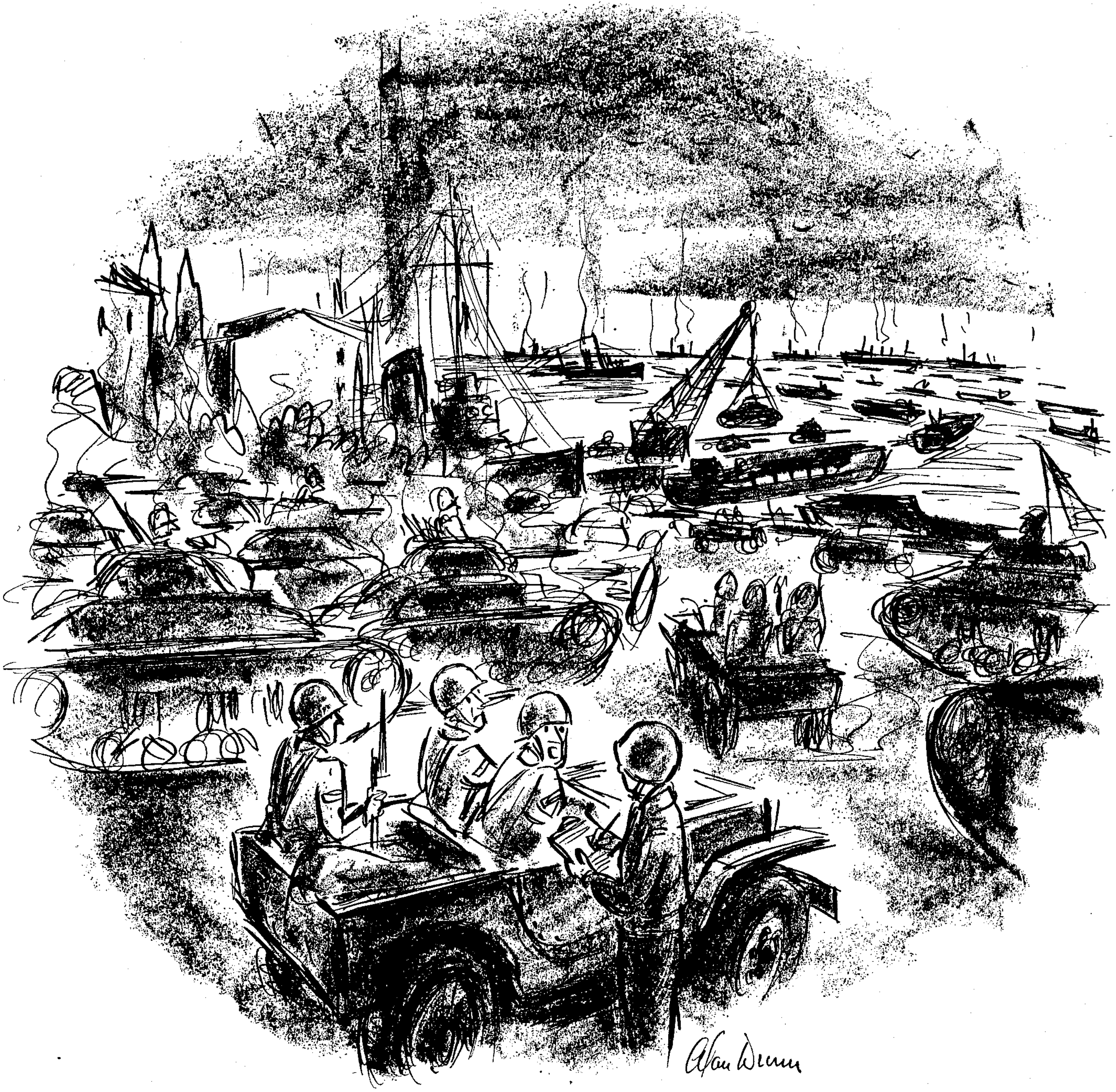
As Laurence came along the truck road into the pit, a small boy stepped from behind a barricade and presented arms.

“Any news?” Laurence asked.

“We just sent out another scout. Chuck didn’t find out anything,” the small boy said.

A larger boy with tin bars on his shoulders came up and saluted. “Order the company to fall in, Captain,” Laurence said. “We can’t just stand around waiting.”

A group of four or five boys stood waiting across the floor of the pit. “No more close-order drill!” one of them shouted insubordinately.



"One thing more, sir—does the traffic there keep to the right or the left?"

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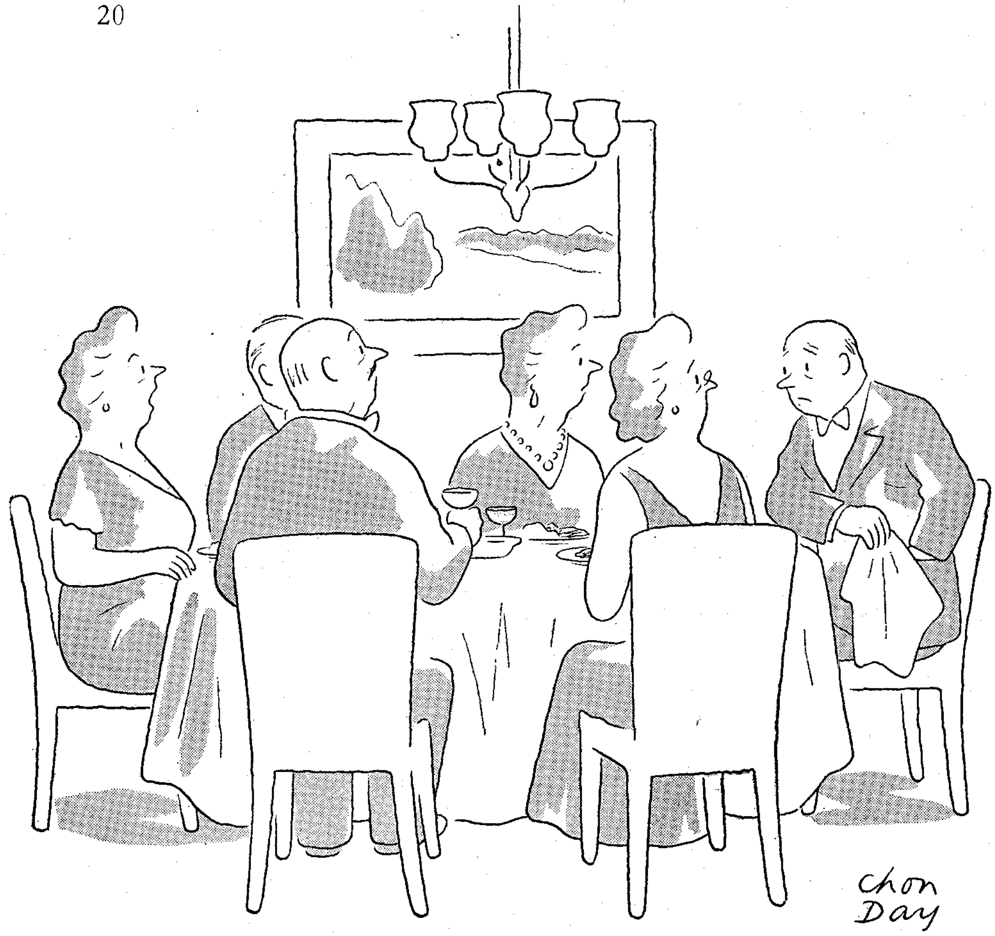
Laurence frowned. "Order the company to fall in," he repeated, ignoring the shout. As the group came toward him he said, "This is different. Wait and see."

When the nine boys not on sentry or scout duty were lined up before Laurence and had quieted down, he took a scrap of newspaper from his pocket and looked at it, frowning. "This is what real training is," he said, and began to read: " 'And this program is no strength-through-joy movement. It's a grim, tough business. Weaklings, morally and physically, can't take it; they're not wanted. At Fort Bragg, the emphasis is on developing aggressiveness. There physical toughening takes place in the course of this program to' "—he stumbled over the word—" 'to inculcate the "killer" instinct. There is none of the emphasis on the niceties of the game or on sportsmanship. In some of the contests I witnessed a number of palpable fouls. "We're interested only in teaching them to go out and win," explained . . .' " Laurence broke off impatiently. "Oh, never mind all that. I'll just tell you what the rest of it says."

He took a deep breath and looked directly at his audience, which had grown restless during his reading. "Why did we have so many casualties in Africa at first? Because the men hadn't learned to keep cover, they exposed themselves. And do you know how they cure that now? By using live bullets in training." This was what he had been working toward, and it got some show of interest from the shifting line of boys. "And that's how we're going to train from now on."

Laurence looked around for a moment at the familiar geography of the pit. Then he faced the ranks. "At the command 'Fall out' go back beyond that bush, and then at the command 'Advance' start crawling straight for where I am now. Remember, keep everything down right flat to the ground. Dick, you get into that foxhole beside



"Mr. Stevens, are you putting food in your pocket?"

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me with some round stones about this size"—he leaned over and selected one from the ground—"and keep throwing them just thirty inches above the ground. It has to be thirty inches." He waited until they were in their positions and then gave the commands. "Now then, get down flat and crawl. Make it fast. Keep your guns ready."

Laurence looked on with satisfaction as the line of grunting boys, wooden guns in their right hands, crept toward the foxhole across the sand and through the crab grass, while the boy in the foxhole, about twenty feet from them, threw stones happily. But it didn't work out well. The first stone was too high. The second, a piece of slate, curved down and hit the first crawler on the hand. He jumped up angrily.

"You threw that at me on purpose, Dick!"

"No, I didn't," Dick said.

"Well, you were looking right at me when you threw."

"Back to line, all of you, and keep on!" Laurence shouted. He turned to the thrower. "Don't think about them. Just keep throwing level, thirty inches above the ground."

They began to crawl again, but a stone which just missed a boy's face brought another angry protest. "Hey, that was no thirty inches!"

"Well, what is thirty inches?" Dick yelled. "Let's see you try it."

"All right, I will."

"Stop! As you were," Laurence called. "This has got to be right." He stopped a moment to consider. Then he shook his head. "A gun would be the only thing that would be right. We'd have to have a real gun."

"Nuts. You aren't shooting any old bullets at me," one boy said, shaking his head excitedly. The others were held by the idea, testing themselves in their minds.

"We could fix it so it would be safe," Laurence said.

"You could if you had a gun."

"We can get one," Laurence said impressively. He grinned at Ed Peterson for confirmation. "Hey, Ed?"

Ed frowned. "What?" he asked, as if he did not understand. He was a chunky boy with deep-set eyes and a scar showing through his cropped brown hair.

"You know," Laurence said impatiently. "The thirty-two. You said you could have it any time you wanted."

"Well, not over here I can't."

"Why not? If you can have it any time you want it, why can't you have it when we need it here?"

"Well, that isn't the same," Ed said uneasily.

The others were eager. "Come on, Ed." "Does he let you shoot it?" "Could I shoot it, Ed?"

"No, no one else can shoot it but me."

"All right, you'll be the only one to shoot it," Laurence said, "but hurry up."

"I'd have to ask my father."

"You *said* you didn't have to ask him. Anyway, your tool shed's out of sight of the house."

Ed looked around for support, but none was forthcoming. The wooden guns the boys were playing with had become absurd.

"But I have to go home early," Ed said. "We're going on a picnic out on the point."

"I have to be home early too. That's why we've got to hurry." Laurence glanced over at the captain's wristwatch. "Look, Ed, we've got to have this right and you're spoiling everything." He paused and looked firmly at Ed. "I wonder what kind of soldier you are," he said slowly.

He waited in silence, until Ed had to give in. "I hadn't ought to, but I suppose this once," Ed said reluctantly, and began trudging off.

"Be back in ten minutes and bring plenty of shells," Laurence said, glancing impatiently at the watch again. The boys were excited now, and all began talking at once with nervous boastfulness.

WHEN Ed came back with the rifle, he was still uneasy. "My father came out to go to the garden," he said, "and I dropped it in the high grass. He didn't see it, but I nearly got caught." He blew out his breath and shook his head.

"O.K.," Laurence murmured, absorbed in what he was doing. By much winding of string and wire, he was fastening the barrel to the top of a box placed at the edge of the foxhole. It was very unsteady, but they piled sand and rocks on it until it was good and firm.

"You won't be able to see to shoot now," Ed said.

"You're not supposed to. That would spoil it." Laurence was still making adjustments. He finally got the gun fixed and placed a large cardboard carton about thirty feet away. When Ed dropped into the foxhole and tried the gun, with three shots, the bullets plopped through the cardboard at just about the right distance from the ground. "There!" Laurence said with satisfaction.

The group quieted as the shots sounded, flat and unechoing within the enclosure of the sand pit. Then their excitement burst out again. "Boy, you don't get me in front of that gun." "I'd dig right through the ground like an old mole."

"I'll show you," Laurence said. "Shoot twice when I call out," he told Ed, who was out of sight, behind the gun. The others, crawling under the barrage of rocks, had made a track through the sand. Laurence followed it, hitching forward on his elbows. As he approached the gun he called out to Ed and then put his face almost into the sand and kept on advancing. The two shots went well above his head and barely enlarged the hole in the carton. Laurence jumped up.

"See," he said. "But we can't use so many shots for each one. We can keep in single file and let him fire sort of unevenly so we won't know when it's going off. That will teach us to keep down."

He considered the faces of the boys. "Anyone afraid?" he asked. "Those who want to get in line, come forward."

"I want to, too," Ed called from the hole.

"All right. Neil, you know how to shoot it, don't you? Just every once in a while. But wait till we're ready."

The first time the file of boys wriggled forward they were obviously fearful and hesitant, flinching at the sound of the gun and struggling with the desire to raise their heads and see where the bullet struck. But once safely past the line of fire, they leaped up in ecstatic joy and ran around the gun pit to take their places again.

Laurence glanced up and saw that the sentries stationed on the rim above were watching the maneuvers in the pit. "Corporal Higgins," he said, turning to the boy at the head of the file, "go up and remind the sentries that we are expecting an attack. They've got to watch those woods for men coming up the hill. Tell them to turn around and forget we are down here."

After the file of boys had gone toward the foxhole twice, Ed halted abruptly and looked at his watch. "I have to have the gun now," he said. "I have to go home."

"Aw, Ed!" they said. "Once more. Come on, Ed. It only takes a minute."

"All right," he said. "Once more, but fast."

It was when the file of boys had started forward toward the gun for the third time, and some twenty-five shots had been fired, that the expected attack from the Powderhouse Point army came. One of the sentinels saw them in the woods at the foot of the hill and shouted a warning, raising his gun horizontally above his head. Ed, who was first in file and a squad leader, recognized the signal and excitedly started to scramble to his feet. Neil, who was down in the pit, could not see the sentinel. He fired the gun again. Ed collapsed on the ground.

"Stop, Neil, stop!" Laurence shouted. He waited a moment, then got to his knees. There were heavy steps behind him as a man in overalls hurried up. "Who's shooting that gun around here?" he bellowed. It was Joe Tobin, the contractor, who owned the pit. "You know what I've told you." He looked past Laurence and saw Ed lying face down on the ground. Blood was draining into the grass around his head.

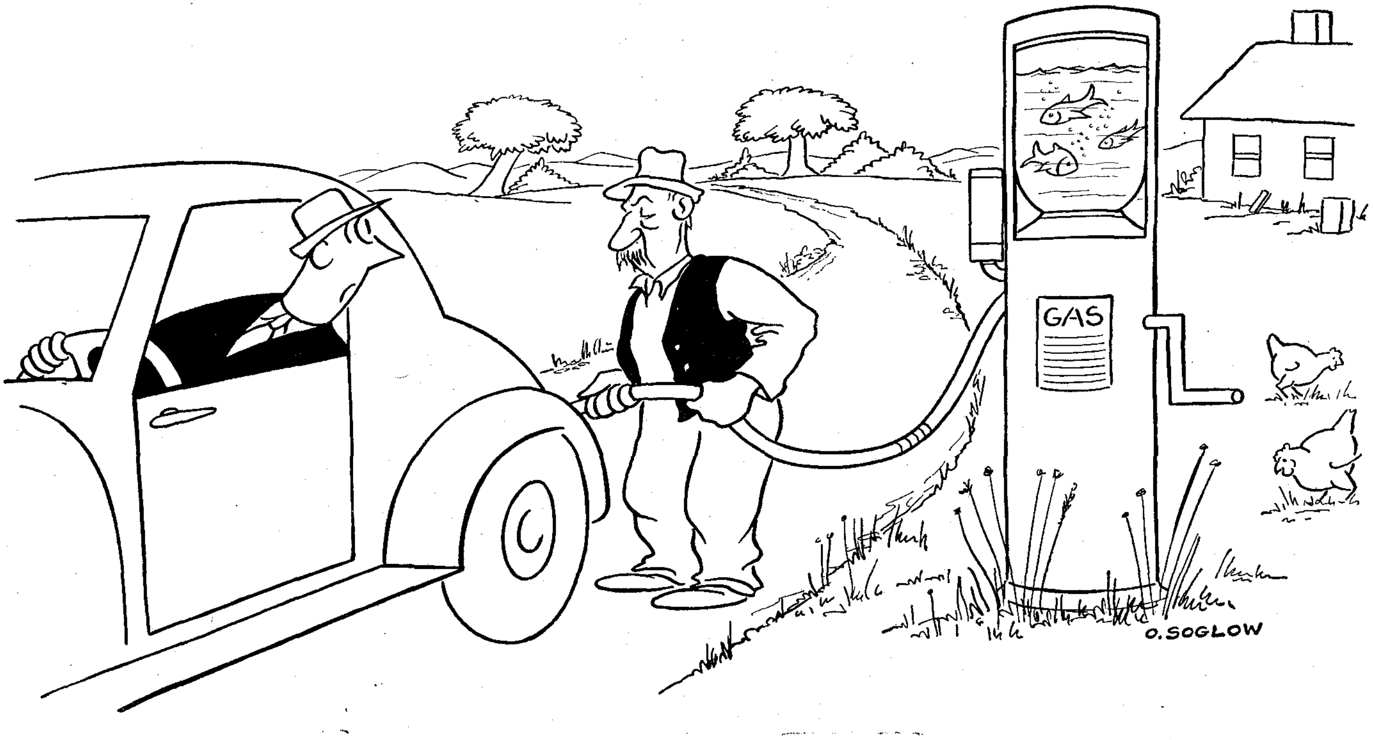
"For the love of God in heaven!" Tobin cried out, and went over to kneel by Ed. Laurence leaned down beside him. Tobin lifted the boy by the shoulders and looked at his head. There was not much blood at the wound—it came mostly from his mouth—and Tobin could see where the bullet had entered the head and where it had come out.

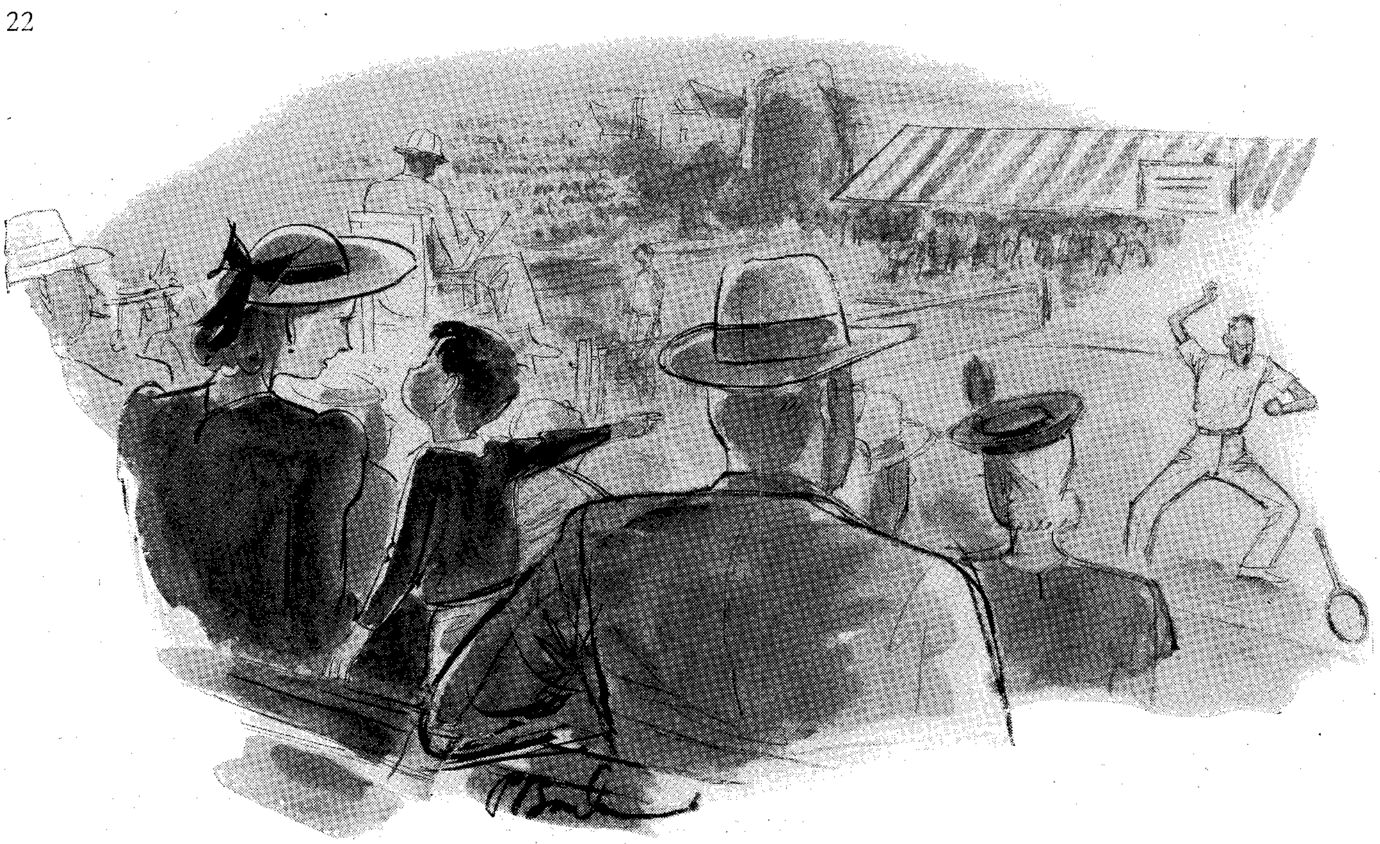
Up on the rim the sentinels were engaging the enemy. The Powderhouse Point boys were calling, "You're dead," "I got you." The outnumbered sentinels, retreating, looked down to see why help was not coming. When they noticed the circle around Ed and realized someone was hurt, they began running and sliding down the sides of the pit, their attackers with them.

"He isn't *dead*, is he?" Laurence asked Tobin in a protesting voice.

"Of course he's dead!" Tobin shouted angrily. He looked at the boys who had come down from above. "Go on, get out of here!" he yelled. "What's the matter with you?" Then he groaned and sat down heavily on a rock, staring at Ed and twisting his old felt hat in his hands.

There was a hubbub of questions from the boys who had just come





"It's because he feels so dreadfully when he misses, darling."

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down. "Ed got shot," someone said. "He's dead." They fell silent.

"Shouldn't we *do* something?" Laurence said desperately.

"Of course, of course. We're not going to leave him here." Tobin got up, stopped, and went back to the rock. "I've got to stay here," he said, brushing distractedly at a green fly about his head. "Go on, get somebody, quick. Get an ambulance, get his father. I'll stay here."

Some of the boys still stood looking on, silently, at a little distance, but the rest turned and started off down the rutted road. Tobin called them back in sudden fright. "You kids can't go telling the Petersons!" He looked at Laurence. "You live next door. Your father home?" Laurence nodded. "You tell him, then," Tobin said. "And let him break the news."

Laurence whirled and ran. The other boys broke up into small, straggling groups, walking slowly and talking in soft, excited voices.

MR. PURVIS was sitting on his screened porch, alternately reading *Time* and looking at his garden; Laurence could clear out some of the stuff that was past yielding and pick corn and beans for supper. He saw Laurence coming, running hard. "The warrior returneth," he called to his wife. "Only ten minutes late. If you approach him right he really tries."

Laurence leaped over the low picket fence and came up to the porch. His father said, "I think I'll join you on the job. I was relieved of the dishes by the beneficence of your mother." Laurence came in with his face turned away, panting. From the next house down the road they could hear a man's voice calling. Laurence did not speak. Mr. Purvis frowned. "Look," he said, "remember what . . ." but Laurence pushed past him toward the hall. His father grabbed him angrily and swung him around. "I said I expected . . . "

Then he saw that Laurence was sobbing. Mr. Purvis looked down at his son in surprise. "Come, boy," he said softly, "I think we can forget these ten minutes." He tried to distract him, as one would a much younger child. "Listen to Mr. Peterson calling Ed," he said. He smiled. "He sounds like an old cow."

The sobs broke out into sound. Mrs. Purvis rushed from the kitchen, but Mr. Purvis held up his hand to silence her. Through a great many domestic crises, he had learned to take a detached and scientific attitude. It was easier on the nerves and accomplished more. Not the attitude of the judge, for Mr. Purvis was well aware of the remedial weaknesses of the law. The attitude of the doctor, the healer, rather, finding first what was wrong and then compounding the proper remedy.

"Is it something else, then?" he asked in a firm, suggestive, soothing voice. "Tell us about it. You know we'll understand. We deal with these things together, you know. Just tell us."

The sobs became still more violent, the boy's body shuddering in a kind of sickness against the man's.

"Nothing's ever so bad once you've told it," Mr. Purvis said to him, shaking his head a little as he talked. He glanced up at Mrs. Purvis, smiling gently in anticipation of early climax and release. They waited. Through the screen they could see Mr. Peterson set a picnic hamper down on his curbstone and, still calling, start up the road. He had huge, freckled arms and a very small cloth cap set squarely on his head. He made a rather absurd figure. Mr. Purvis looked down once more at his son. "Just get it outside so's we can look at it, Laury," he said confidently, "and then we'll set it right."

—ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

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5TH AVE. LOWER—Sublet. 4 rooms, 2 baths, well exposed. ARCH REALTY CORP. STuy 9-1821.—*Adv. in the Villager.*

Good little setup for an exhibitionist.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE CASE OF ACTING CORPORAL HERBERT HAPGOOD ROONEY-THORMON

Sing "Pre!" and sing "Post!" but don't ever sing "Present!"
And walk all around without a uniform on—
That's the way a certain fellow tried to skip the unpleasant,
And his name was Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was a nasty man even when he was a boy. Oh, at the age of eight and a half he understood a profound and extraordinary and underlying truth; i.e., that dragging a red herring across your trail is a useless exertion because nobody uses bloodhounds any more and anyway nobody has a trail he can call his own because his contemporaries are always practically on top of him and breathing on the back of his neck. Don't drag it, boys!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and this Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon, having figured that out, figured further that the trick is to heave your red herring so far behind you or so far in front of you that your contemporaries bunched up around you will turn away from you in order to stare at a fish hurtling through space and will consequently fail to notice what you are doing, which in the case in question, viz., when Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was eight and a half years old, was profoundly and extraordinarily and underlyingly nasty. Oh, he was a nasty man even when he was a boy, boys! Viz., and i.e.!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and in high school, when this Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was asked to write a composition entitled "My Vacation," he rapidly realized that if he wrote down even a small part of what he had done during his vacation he would be rapidly sent to a reform school, so he heaved his herring the hell and gone out in front of him and wrote a composition called "What My Future Vacation Will Be Like," and his English teacher was so delighted to have something to read besides what all those big bass-voiced boys claimed they had done during their vacations that she gave him a B and nodded when he asked permission to walk home with her, finding it necessary halfway home, however, to kick him in the shin and order him never to speak to her again outside the classroom.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and by the time Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was a big bass-voiced grown man twenty-nine years old and healthy and hearty and Germany was invading Poland, he (Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon) was working happily for the Sociological Drift Section, Division of Hypothetical Eventualities, Office of Peace Plans Hot and Postwar Prognostication, on the tenth floor of the State, War, and Navy Building, Washington, D.C., some Army and Navy officers who had previously occupied that floor having been moved to tents in an open space between the Lincoln and the Jefferson Memorials. Peace plans hot! Peace plans cold! Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was healthy and hearty and twenty-nine years old!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then when the United States got into the war and Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon's draft board said it wanted to talk to him he went and talked to it so well about how he was hard at work on a plan to solve the problem of how best to govern Siam after the peace that the draft board gulped and tore up his draft card and one of the members of the draft board forthwith enlisted in the Navy in order to help make possible what Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon had so eloquently called the "fruition" of his plan to solve the problem of how best to govern Siam after the peace. Flat-foot fruition with a plan, plan! Flat it, boys!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon was so impressed by his success in lecturing his draft board that he resigned from the Sociological Drift Section, Division of Hypothetical Eventualities, Office of Peace Plans Hot and Postwar Prognostication, and got himself a 4-F lecture manager and an A-1 publicity lady and he travelled up and down and sideways over the country and he yanked out his herring and whanged it the hell and gone in front of him one day and the hell and gone behind him the next day and he spoke on "Will the Next War Efficiently Employ the Helicopter?" and he spoke on "Incipient Tank Warfare As Conceived by Robert E. Lee" and he spoke on "Is Geneva a Proper Place for the Peace Conference After the War After the Next?" and he spoke on "Influences of Alexander the Great on Quartermaster Procedure" and he spoke on "Pre" and he spoke on "Post" and he never spoke on "Present" and it was wonderful, especially the lecture entitled "The Place of the Basque in the Peace After the Peace After This One."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon waxed wealthy and waxed a bombproof duplex apartment in a subbasement of River House and waxed besides the A-1 publicity lady an A-1 secretary lady and an A-1 cook lady and an A-1 all-round lady and it was wonderful except that one day he consented as a favor to the U.S.O., oh ho, to lecture an infantry division about to embark for overseas duty and he chose as his subject "Postwar Questions Every Doughboy Should Know" and when he got through with his lecture the boys cheered so loud that the M.P.'s outside the place couldn't hear Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon squealing in his bass voice while the boys took off his pin-stripe suit and put him into a brown suit without pin stripes. Oh ho for the U.S.O.! Oh ho!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then the boys took Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon to Africa and let him eat sand and ride in a nice hot tank and they took him to New Guinea and let him dodge snipers and sleep in a nice cool foxhole and they took him to Burma and let him see which could go faster, he or a king cobra, and they took him to China and let him eat hard-boiled rice and then they said to him, "Well, what do you think, Herb?"

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon whipped out his herring and started winding up to heave it the hell and gone when a mess sergeant grabbed it and broiled it and ate it. It was better than Spam, boys! Better than Spam!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and so then Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon said "Boys, this is *serious!*" and the company commander was so impressed with the good sense of this remark that he made Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon an acting corporal and told him the opportunities for advancement were unlimited, and ever since then Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon has kept his uniform on and he peels palpable potatoes and cleans existing rifles and marches over present mud roads to downright battlefields and shoots actual bullets at real Japanese and Germans and Italians and every evening before he goes to sleep he sits on his bunk if he has one and he stares at the floor if there is one and he shakes his head and says "Boys, this is *serious!*" and when the boys ask him what kind of peace there will be if there is one he says, "Boys, speaking as an expert, I've got a big day tomorrow and I'm going to sleep now."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So if you sing "Pre!" and if you sing "Post!"
And walk all around without a uniform on,
Just remember the case of the man who knows most
And say a prayer for Herbert Hapgood Rooney-Thormon.

—S. M.

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THE ISLAND

THE boat drifted into the cove that young Vincent, eyeing the chart folded beside him on the hot yellow deck, had hoped they would find, although it was so small it was scarcely a dent in the wavy, printed outline of the little island. That morning he had said to his friends, Sam and Clare Wheeler, "Let's go *there* today," putting his finger on the spot on the chart, and they had agreed that it looked like a good place to go picnicking. And he had wanted to bring Kathy, who was Clare's younger sister, along too, and she had come, and now she sat beside him with an old white duck hat tipped over her eyes as they crept in under the shore that smelled of warm spruce woods and wild raspberry bushes. The arms of the tiny island nearly closed around the cove—one dark with spruces climbing a hill, the other tapering off to low ledges where the coarse grass and brown rocks soaked up the August sunlight. There seemed to be no wind at all as the boat moved in close to the shore; only a faint little breath of air stirred high up in the peak of the sail and wafted them, magically and mysteriously, over the clear, rocky bed of the cove, which they could see now and then down in the wavering water. It was so hot all four of them were in a dream of sleepiness and slowness; if one of them moved at all it was with lazy gestures, dragging, drooping, shuffling, swallowing yawns, squinting prickling eyes. Sam, ready to tip the anchor over the side of the old sloop, stood waiting at the bow, languid and limp. The boat crept in nearer the beach, until the bottom shelved so steeply that they could see the patches of clay and clumps of rockweed so near it seemed they could reach them with their hands. "Let go the anchor," said Vincent then, and there was a splash; the ripples spread away and the line lay in loose rings on the water, unwinding slowly as the boat drifted astern.

It was all they could do to move about; it was too hot, much too bright. But they wanted to go ashore, to this island they had never been to, and slowly Kathy and Clare began gathering up the picnic things.

Kathy said, sitting on the cabin top with a basket on her lap, "There's something funny about this place." And queer little anticipatory feelings of excitement and curiosity were beginning to break up her mood of inertia and drowsiness.

"Has it got spooks?" Vincent asked her.

She shook her head. "No, not spooks. Just something . . ." She could not explain what the something was.

They climbed down into the dinghy, surrounded themselves with the picnic basket, bathing suits, and a steamer rug, and Vincent rowed them, with short little strokes, to the beach, which rose sharp as a roof out of the water.

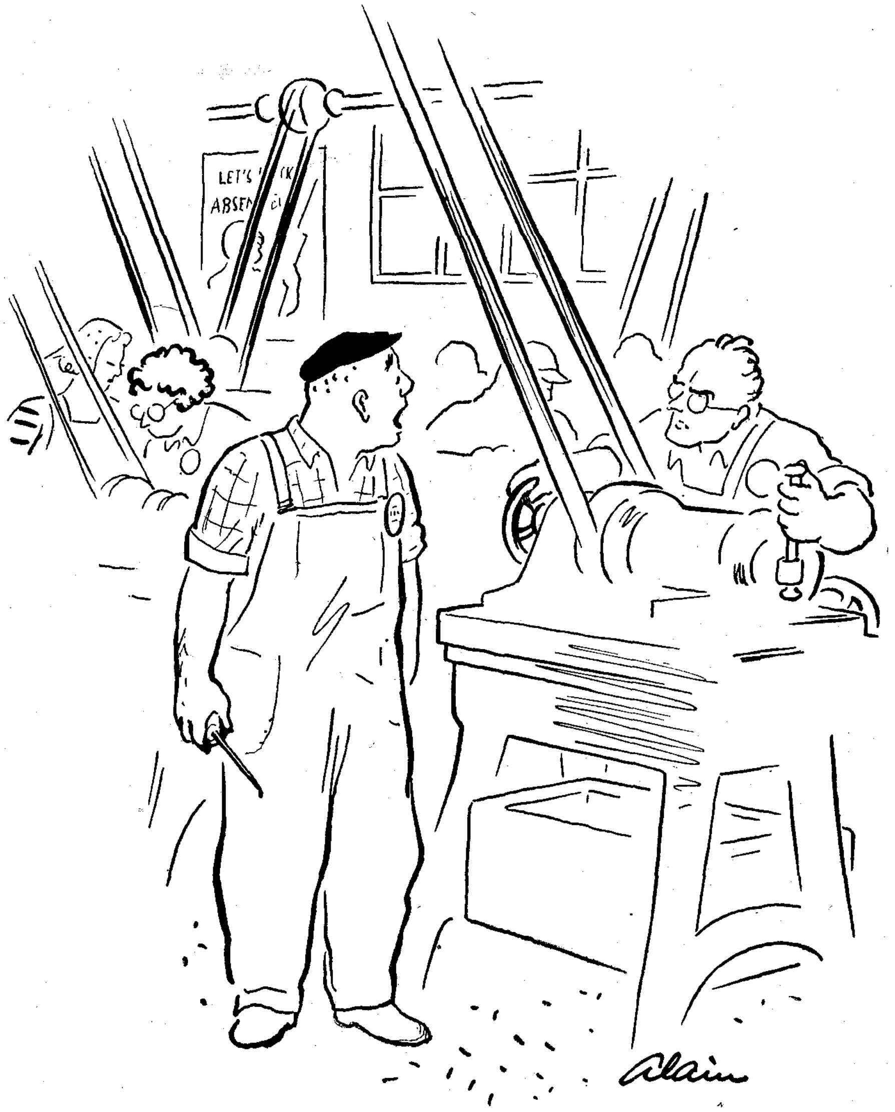
EATING a sandwich on the grizzled grass under a big fir tree above the shingle and looking out at the bay, blue and bright and broken up by other islands, Kathy began to feel a strange, possessive love for this island they were on. There was something about the look of the landlocked cove where the boat lay, something in the silhouette of the wooded hill, even in the way the roots of the fir tree ran out and slid under the harsh grass, that was beginning to make her restless with the desire to have it all to herself. It was *her* island. Something was here, somewhere, that she had been wanting without knowing what it was. She could think of nothing but her longing to be away, alone, looking for—but she did not know for what.

She said to Clare, when the others had gone to wash the coffee cups in the sea water, "I'll be back in a little while." And she walked away, brushing the crumbs off her blue shorts; then suddenly she began to run, along the shore, away from the cove, dodging the juniper bushes that were growing up in the pasture, which was now abandoned but which had been clipped clean by sheep not so long ago. She doubled back and ran into the woods, finding a long glade that opened up, sunny and still, among the dark trees, and, as though possessed by a gay and feckless demon, she fled through the woods, her sneakers sinking into the soft moss and flying over the ledges, sure and swift. Suddenly she came out at the edge of a cliff that faced the sea. It was very high, and she sank down in the moss and looked at the slow waves frothing at the bottom and at the gulls that sailed by along the rocks below her. The sun was hot and strong here, too, but the air stirred with the wind, which was cool from the sea and sweet with the smell of the lightly moving spruces; here there was none of the tropical quiet of the cove, the languorous heat of the sheltered beach. "This is *my* place," said Kathy, so happy that she said it out loud, and she pulled up a tuft of long, feathery moss and tossed it out into the air and watched it fall softly on the waves far below.

Then, from the direction of the boat, came Vincent's voice, faint and confident, "Ka-a-thy, Ka-a-thy," sure of hearing her answering cry. She did not move; she pulled up another piece of moss, sniffing at the rich, wet dirt that came up with it. "Ka-a-thy!" Nearer now, coming across the old pasture. Really, each little spear of moss is like a green feather, thought Kathy, and she threw the second tuft down into the sea. "Ka-a-thy!" Was he, perhaps, coming through her narrow glade, walking purposefully and unhurriedly where she had fled, unthinking, light as a rabbit, a few minutes before? Standing up, she looked out at the sea and along the face of the brown cliff. (*Goodbye, goodbye. I'll be back. Goodbye!*) Turning, she ran to the woods and made her way through the shade, between the trees and boulders, snapping dry branches, breaking the fine strands of the small spiders' webs, treading on the clean little ferns. She had made up her mind to go to the hill that looked down on the cove; from there, like an Indian scout, she could see anyone coming and be gone again into the woods. This is like those excruciatingly exciting games of childhood, she thought—the delighted terror, the wild flight to find yourself a safe hiding place, with the throat aching with the labor of the lungs, the thighs heavy as logs. Up the hill she went as fast as she could, struggling and furious, though there was now no need of haste.

Then she was at the top, on a bare rock from which she could look down on the moving, brilliant sea, on the white boat lying on the green water that brimmed full in the cove, the tiny dinghy tilted on the beach, and the big tree under which Clare and Sam sprawled, reading on the rug. And Vincent—Vincent was still crying "Ka-a-thy! Ka-a-thy!" away on the other side of the island. Like a boy calling in the cows, thought Kathy, despising him for his sureness of her. Well, he would never think of coming up the hill through the difficult woods to look for her; she was safe here. She lay down in a grassy hollow of the rock.

THE afternoon light lay bright on the points of the trees growing below. It was like looking down on the top of one thick, enormous bush, each treetop a branch. The sea, incredibly blue and fair, was all in motion in the breeze that had sprung up, and small waves ran up the bay, which was dotted with other little islands that seemed unrooted, floating lightly as bright-green birds' nests. The water nearby was so clear that she could see the ledges and shoals under the surface; she saw even the sloop's anchor lying on its back on the bottom of the cove.



"Have you seen my helper around anywhere—the one with the page bob and the deep-red nail polish?"

Voices of birds came up to her; a hermit thrush sang off in the woods, a Peabody bird called his little call over and over down in the pasture, and through them all sounded the continual sough of the wind in the spruces. Again Kathy was aware of the feeling she had for the island, but it was not to be arranged in words. She could not even tell what it was she had come searching for and she could not even say that she had found anything at all, but she lay, full of peace, half asleep on the grass. It was a long time before she realized that the shadow of the woods had moved higher up the hill; then she saw Vincent, back from his hunt, carrying the basket and a jug to the dinghy.

She went down the hill and walked along the shore to the picnickers, and paused beside the boat, which lay on the shingle. Vincent set the water jug carefully down.

"Where *were* you?" he said, determined not to be annoyed with her. "I've been all over the damn island looking for you."

"Yes," said Kathy, "I heard you calling."

"You did?" he cried, incredulous but quite prepared to be reasonable. "Why didn't you answer me, then?"

"I don't know," said Kathy. "I don't know why I didn't."

Together they pushed the little boat out until it swayed lightly on the calm water, and it seemed to her that it was not she at all who smiled penitently up at him. —ELIZABETH WARNER

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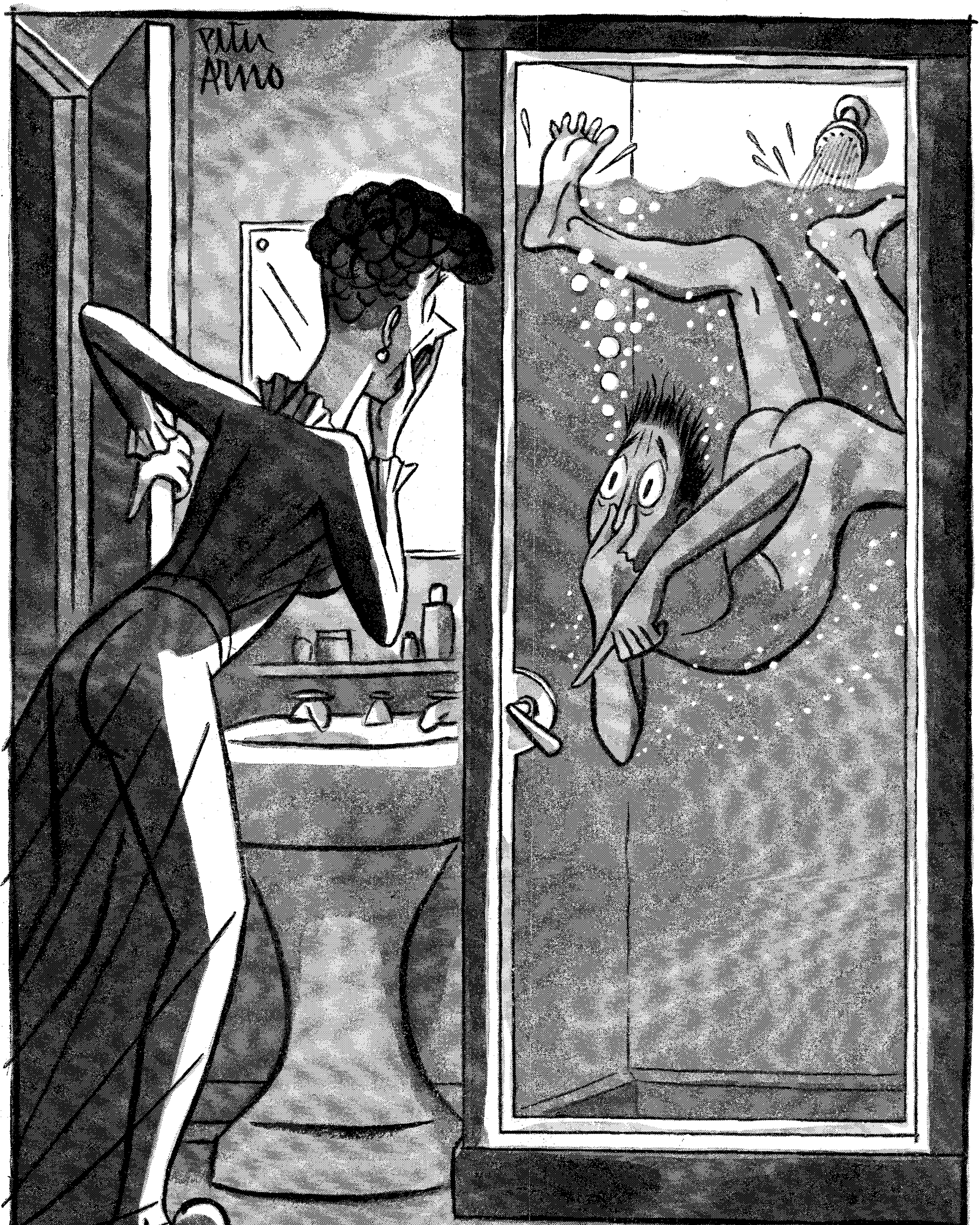
Later he went to the White House for tea and a deception.—*Durham (N. C.) Herald.*

It helps to know what you're getting into, anyway.


Peter Arno

A REPORTER AT LARGE

[EDITORS' NOTE: This is the second part of a three-part article on Seaman Basil Dominick Izzi's experiences on a raft in the Atlantic. The final part will appear in next week's issue.]

EIGHTY-THREE DAYS—II

THE five men who found themselves together on a raft after the sinking of their ship by a torpedo were an oddly assorted group. Seaman Basil Dominick Izzi was a husky, intelligent, athletic Italian-American boy of nineteen who had worked in a Massachusetts wool-combing mill before joining the Navy; Ensign James Shaw Maddox, who had been Izzi's gunnery officer aboard the ship, was a somewhat intellectual man of thirty who had been an instructor in public speaking at Purdue University; George Beasley was a rough-and-tumble thirty-two-year-old American sailor from Hannibal, Missouri; Cornelius van der Slot was an experienced Dutch merchant seaman of thirty-seven; and Nicko Hoogendam was a seventeen-year-old Dutch boy who had been a fisherman from the time he was thirteen or fourteen and had only recently escaped from the Nazis and become a merchant seaman.

Izzi and Maddox were newcomers on the raft. They had been in the water, hanging on to the sides of a light bamboo raft for three days before being picked up. Maddox had been dragged up on the raft shortly before Izzi had reached it. The three other men had been aboard for more than a day and were therefore in better shape than either Maddox or Izzi, who for the first few hours had lain in a half-sleep of exhaustion. After they had rested, the two of them talked quietly for a while. Maddox, who couldn't clearly remember the events of the night before, asked Izzi, "Where were you all night?" Izzi was startled by the question, because he had been right with Maddox, hanging on to the bamboo raft. Izzi reminded Maddox of the hallucination the officer had had about a cache of beer floating under a hatch. "I was out looking for that beer you were telling us about," Izzi said.

The raft, which was eight feet wide and nine feet long, was about as navigable as a washtub, yet it was seaworthy and durable and well suited to the purpose for which it had been built. It consisted of a slatted platform, or deck, four feet wide and nine feet long, hung between two pairs of watertight steel drums, fastened end to end, which ran along the sides. These drums, which had a diameter of two feet, extended a foot above the platform and a foot below it. Rafts so constructed are usable either side up, and the idea is that whichever side is up after the raft goes overboard remains the top side. The drums were boxed in by slats, which formed ledges, a foot and a half high and two feet wide, upon which the men could sit or lie when the sea was calm. At either end of the platform there was a board a foot and a half high, which, like the ledges, was intended to keep the men from being washed overboard. The raft rode fairly well in any kind of sea, and the water came to just below the level of the platform. The men could reach down between the slats into the water. They soon cut a large hole at the centre of the platform, and through that they could fish or put their feet in the water. In each of the wide ledges there was a hatch, opening into a watertight compartment that ran through the drum beneath and ended in a corresponding hatch on the opposite side, thus making it usable from that side, too. One compartment contained water and the other contained food.

A checkup of the stores aboard the raft revealed that there were a can of flares, two cans of matches, two small flashlights, a larger electric light that could be used for a running light, a life preserver, some rope, two paddles, a bundle of small sticks to support the flares when they were shot off, a big canvas tarpaulin, a smaller piece of yellow sailcloth, a drinking cup, a Dutch flag; a medical kit containing bandages, a bottle of iodine, a pair of tweezers and a pair of scissors; nine cans of milk, a few dozen hardtack biscuits, about ten gallons of water, and a two-pound can of chocolate. The chocolate was in inch-and-a-half squares. A conference was held, presided over by Maddox, the only commissioned officer aboard (a point still important with the men), and it was decided what each man's daily ration would be: a cup of water and a piece of cracker in the morning; a half cup of water, a little milk, and a piece of cracker in the afternoon; and, for supper, a cup of water, a piece of hardtack, and a fifth of a piece of chocolate, which was about the size of a thumbnail.

"We decided to stand watches day and night to make sure we'd sight any ship that came into view," Izzi told me in one of the numerous talks I had with him. "During the day, about fifteen or twenty minutes was all a man could stand looking into the water and sun; then he'd have to look down at the deck or close his eyes. At night the watch was one to two hours; we didn't have any way of telling what time it was, so we figured that as long as a fellow could keep looking around at night, that was two hours. After three or four days we got so we weren't too particular about how we stood watches, but we kept it up one way and another just the same for about a month and a half before we stopped altogether. At night, the fellow on watch, about every hour or so, would make a couple of swings with one of the flashlights, so that if any ship was around the people on it could see the light.

"At first it didn't seem so bad, especially after those days in the water. You know what it was like when you were a kid and you used to think about floating down a river or out to sea, all alone on a raft? It seemed kind of like that, with beautiful days, wonderful sunsets, and nights with the stars close. There were hundreds of birds, most of them black with white spots on their head. These were a little smaller than robins. The second day, we fed them cracker crumbs, we were that sure of being picked up soon. We thought we were close to land, or else why should all the birds be out there? Especially the little birds. Other birds were white, like small sea gulls. Sometimes a bird would rest on the raft and we wouldn't even bother it. Mr. Maddox thought it would bring us bad luck if we killed and ate a bird."

Except for Maddox, the men on the raft had all been workmen before the war, and they observed the courtesies that men on ships and in road gangs and factories show one another. They were helpful and coöperative, and any curiosity they may have felt about each other they kept to themselves. It was several days before Izzi knew the names of all of his companions. Names caused the five men a little trouble. "Like with van der Slot," Izzi said. "He told us finally that his name was Cornelius van der Slot. You couldn't call a fellow Cornelius all the time. Van der Slot didn't speak English as well as the kid Hoogendam, and so we asked Hoogendam to ask van der Slot what to call him. The kid talked to Cornelius, and he said we should call van der Slot Case, which is the name the Dutch use for Cornelius.

"Then there was the kid. His name was Nicko Hoogendam. You couldn't call him Nicko; it sounded funny. Beasley started calling him Junior, and that stuck for a while, but Hoogendam didn't like it. He got the idea of it and he didn't like it. One day he said, 'Why do you always call me Junior? I've got a name, haven't I?' We asked him what he wanted us to call him, and he said 'Nick' and that's what it was. The rest of us—Maddox, Beasley, and me—went by our last names. I'm always called Izzi anyway. Somebody asks me my name and I say 'Izzi' and they usually say 'Izzi what?' and I have to go through explaining how Izzi is my last name."

For the first three or four weeks of their stay on the raft, Izzi addressed Maddox, his gunnery officer, as "Sir." When the watches were abandoned, that led to further informality. Izzi began to address Maddox as Maddox, which made the ensign feel more comfortable. Eventually, as a real friendship developed between the two men, Izzi called Maddox Jimmy. At first van der Slot, Beasley, and Hoogendam called Maddox Mr. Maddox, but later they, too, called him Maddox.

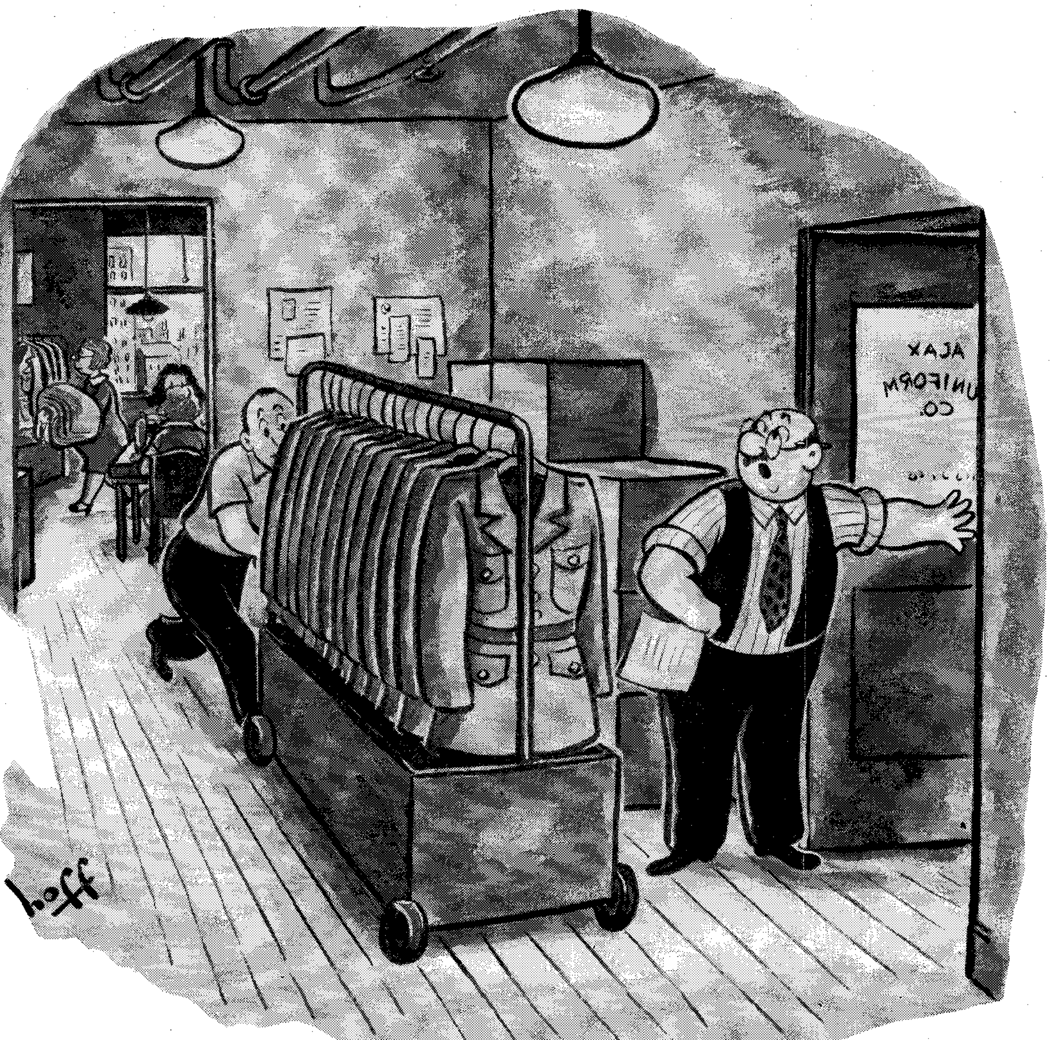
THE sun beat brutally upon the raft. Izzi is naturally dark and a man who normally doesn't burn. However, he had soaked in the water for days and his skin had been softened and bleached. He wore only a shirt. Van der Slot had a shirt, dungarees, and shorts. Hoogendam had a shirt, a pair of civilian trousers, socks, and shoes. Beasley wore a shirt, shorts, and dungarees. Maddox wore only shorts and a shirt. Izzi, Maddox, and van der Slot also had life jackets.

"The afternoons felt like a year," Izzi said. "Holes got burned in our legs and feet. We started bandaging the worst parts of our skins. My legs and feet were open sores from the sun and bumping, and when we'd take the bandages off after a couple of days they would take holes out of our skin. We put iodine on the worst parts, and then one day I spilled the iodine and it was gone. Our skin kept peeling and peeling. That peeling lasted a month and a half until we just sort of fried up." Izzi and van der Slot suffered most from sunburn. Maddox, who had had pneumonia twice and had a horror of dampness, had appropriated the smaller of the two pieces of canvas that were on the raft, and it was large enough to cover most of him, so he was burned less severely; Beasley, Hoogendam, and van der Slot were fully clothed. Maddox's possession of the cloth was a constant source of irritation to the other men on the raft, especially to van der Slot.

"And there was the kid's shoes," Izzi said. "Hoogendam bought a pair of shoes in Cape Town for seven bucks, and they dried all out and hurt the hell out of him. He'd wear them anyway, and we'd tell him to throw them away. He'd say, 'These are a good pair of shoes; cost seven bucks. I can wear them in New York.' Then he would move around the raft and step on your feet and it would hurt you so much it would make you cry. It was two weeks before we got rid of those shoes for him. We threw them overboard."

The raft was not built for comfort. The ledges made it impossible to stretch out all the way when lying down on the deck, and at night the five men had to huddle together in an elaborate fashion to make room for everyone. One man would sit down with his back and neck against the ledge on one side and his feet against the ledge on the opposite side; the space was so small that his knees would be in the air. The second man would get in a corresponding position facing him, and so on. If one man moved in the night, everyone was disturbed. As each man took his turn standing watch, he merely kept awake; he didn't change his position.

The first few weeks on the raft were days of great hunger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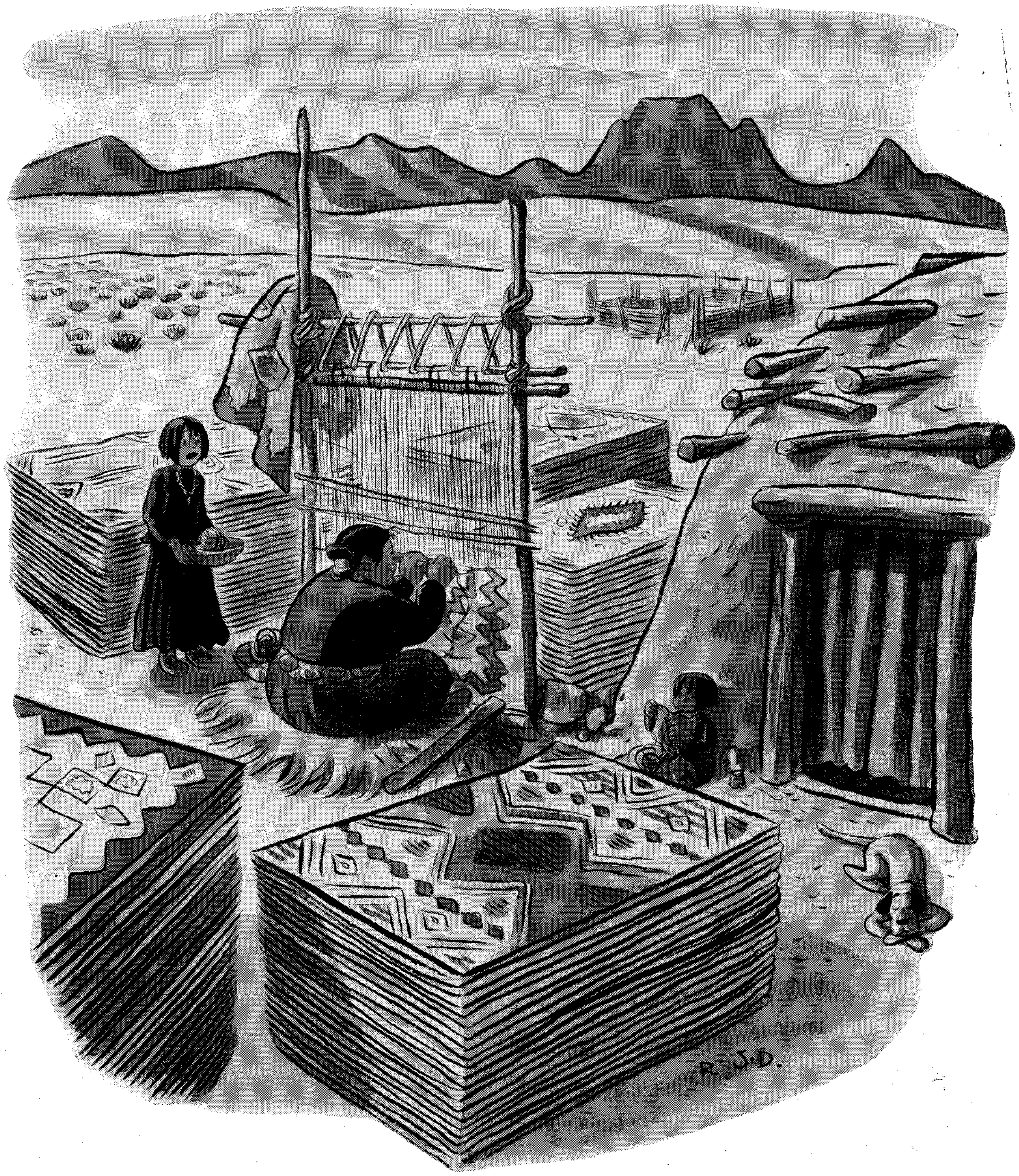
"Column . . . Left!"



"I'd take it easy, Mother—there probably won't be any great number of tourists for quite a while."

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and pain for the men. Although van der Slot and Izzi suffered more than the others from sunburn, they all suffered considerably. Hoogendam had been injured when the ship was torpedoed. He had been on the main deck watching some men playing shuffleboard when the first torpedo struck, and it knocked him clear into the water. Somehow he got a deep gash in one knee. He bandaged it once a day, but still it festered. Every day each of the men took a dip in the water, but they advised Hoogendam not to. One day he did anyway, and after that the knee began to heal. They had all forgotten, if they ever knew, that salt water usually has a healing effect on open wounds.

"The days were funny," Izzi said. "The mornings went by quick, and the afternoons like years. Each day we made a notch on one of our paddles to mark the passing of time. We all waited for night to come so we could get our little piece of chocolate. When mealtime came around, we would act as if we were having a big meal, and we would try to make it last a long time, but it was usually over in two minutes." At night the men covered themselves with the tarpaulin, putting half of it under them to secure it. The last man to lie down had the duty of lashing it down, a task that soon became painful, because each movement of a limb cracked blisters and tortured unused muscles. Izzi and Maddox ripped open their life jackets and made pillows out of the kapok stuffing. Izzi, with the help of van der Slot, made a pair of shorts out of the canvas of his life jacket.

There were two knives aboard the raft—the single-blade one Izzi had borrowed while hanging onto the bamboo raft after the torpedoing, and a jackknife belonging to Beasley. "By God, it pays to carry a jackknife," Beasley would sometimes say proudly. "On my other torpedoing I was the only fellow to carry a knife, and it sure came in handy." The men saved the milk cans after they were emptied so that everyone would have his own drinking cup.

BY a coincidence, both the food and the water ran out on November 18th, the sixteenth day after the sinking, and the men began looking wistfully at the birds which flew over them. Maddox still insisted that it was bad luck to kill sea birds. "Wait until tomorrow," he would say whenever anyone spoke hungrily of eating fowl. Maddox's aversion to killing birds led him to try an unusual stunt. Sharks were always around the raft. When each man took his daily dip in the water, a rope was tied around him and held by the others. The men holding the rope kept a lookout for sharks, and when they saw a gray fin approaching, they jerked their companion back on the raft. Often the shark went right under the raft and came out on the other side. Maddox thought of making a lasso with the rope, dangling the noose in the water, and attempting to catch a shark with it. "He tried it and we watched him for a couple of hours," Izzi said. "We told him, 'You won't get a shark that way.' Then I dangled my feet over the side of the raft and a shark came by, and Maddox got him with the lasso. I hadn't intended using my feet as bait. It just happened that way. How we got that shark was a miracle. It was three feet long at least, and Maddox pulled the rope tight around his fins. It took all five of us to bring him in. We were scared he would bite one of us, and we shoved the handle of a paddle in his mouth. He flopped and fought, and we couldn't get a knife into him. His back was like rock. Finally we turned him over and ripped him open with a knife, down the soft white belly he had. When we took the paddle out of his mouth he had bitten off the end of it.

"Mr. Maddox said, 'I caught the shark. How about letting me have the heart?' We said O.K., and took it out and gave it to him, and we took the liver out for ourselves because we had heard somewhere that it was good for you. It didn't look good, and we didn't know whether to eat it or not, but finally we cut it up, and some of the white meat in the liver was all right—tough but not so bad. Maddox held the heart for a long time. It was still beating. He said he had read somewhere of a man eating a heart while it was beating, but he couldn't quite bring himself to do it. Finally he did. Then we cut off two big chunks of meat from the sides and put them in our food container for the next day, and left the rest of the shark on the deck. The next day there was a *beautiful* aroma. We opened the hatch and the meat had turned color and the smell was awful. We tossed the stuff overboard, and other fish came along and grabbed the shark meat like cannibals."

The men went without water entirely on the seventeenth and eighteenth days. Then it rained, and they sopped up as much rain water as they could in the sailcloth and their shirts, which they wrung out into the water container. After that they returned to the same water rations they had established at the beginning. They were always thirsty, but they didn't suffer as much from thirst as from hunger. The rains kept them reasonably well supplied, but they never relaxed their rigid rationing. Whenever it rained and their supply was replenished, they figured that it might be their last rainfall.

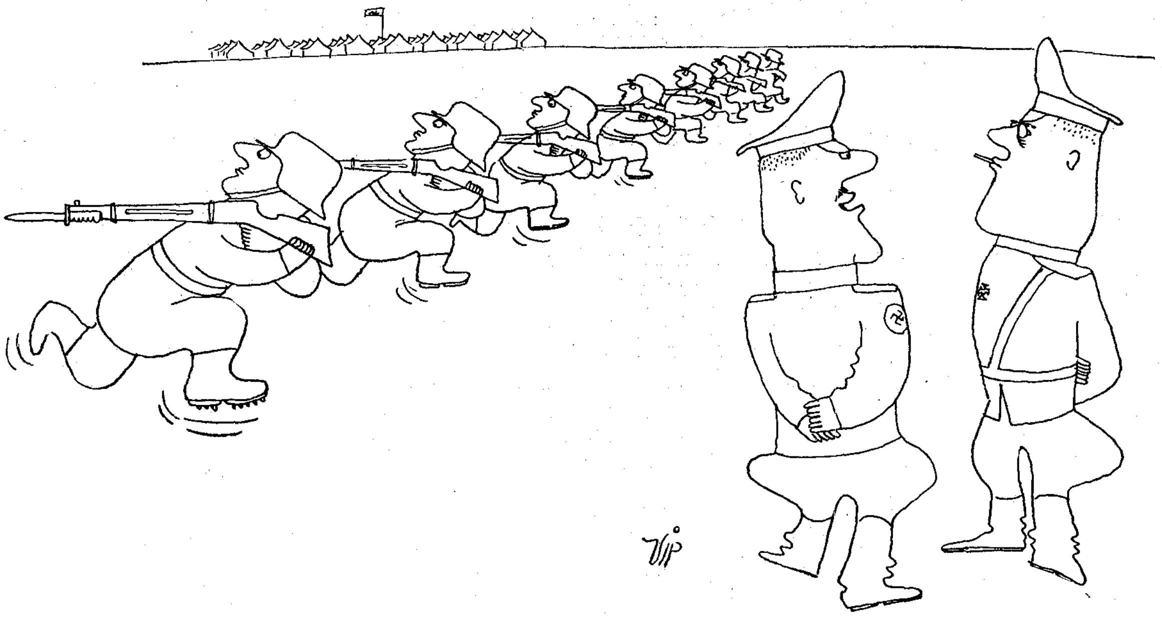
Of all the men on the raft, Maddox seems to have been emotionally affected the most by their predicament. He continually watched the horizon, and now and then he nervously struck the ledge of the raft with his fist, like a man who had been waiting a long time for a telephone call. The spoiling of the shark meat seemed to heighten his impatience. That day he sat with his yellow cloth wrapped about him, his hand slapping rhythmically at the ledge. Then he stood up suddenly, stared at the horizon for almost a full minute, turned to the other men, and asked, "Am I going crazy, fellows? I think I see something." The others looked. In the distance was a ship. Maddox waved the yellow cloth. He tired, and another man took over the job, and when that one tired another stood and waved the cloth. Although it was daylight, they burned some flares, hoping that the smoke and the red light would catch the eye of the lookout on the ship.

"It looked as though it was turning around as if to come toward us," Izzi said. "A guy would wave the flag, get tired, sit down, and begin to cry. We were sure for a while that the ship was turning around, but it went on and on, and we could see it was a big freighter, and then it disappeared. It didn't make us feel so terribly bad, though, because we figured then that we were in a shipping lane. Maybe, we said, the ship will radio and a plane will come out and pick us up. We felt good and we prayed and talked about how if that ship had picked us up, why right now we'd be warm and all dressed up." The men hopefully watched the sea and sky the rest of that day, and as the five of them crammed themselves into a space smaller than a double bed that night, they talked of how they would soon be in New York.

THE following day, all the men kept watch. They had been on the raft over three weeks and had eaten no food in two days. They were weak and yet buoyed up by a hope that kept them restlessly moving. "Late that afternoon Maddox saw something else and again it was a ship," Izzi said. "We brought out flares and the yellow cloth and our Dutch flag and waved. 'Take it easy, take it easy, don't get nervous,' we'd tell each other. This one didn't come as close as the other one, but we could see big boxes on the deck and parts of the ship painted with red lead. Just like the other one, she kept right on going, and we sat down and cried. 'How can they miss us?' we asked. 'If they had a good watch on that ship they certainly would see us. What the hell kind of a crew have they got on that ship?' One of the guys said, 'Maybe they think we're a submarine.' Someone answered, 'What the hell, does *this* look like a submarine?' "

The next day was the one before Thanksgiving. "We talked about Thanksgiving in the States," Izzi said. "Our water supply was gone again and we prayed at least that we get rain or something to eat. Thanksgiving Day itself we couldn't keep our mind off of it. At noon we talked about people in the States sitting down for some turkey and some fruit. And then at about two o'clock we talked about how *now* the people in the States have finished eating and are sitting around, all full of food, and smoking and talking.

"Then—I was the first to notice it—a big bird came flying around



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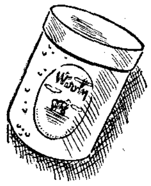

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the raft. I grabbed for it and missed, and then it rested in the water right near us. The kid Hoogendam wanted to dive over after it, but we were afraid sharks would get him. He kept talking about it, and so we held him by the ankles, and he threw himself forward and grabbed it, and he fell halfway out of the raft. It made a squawk, but he had it. It pecked at his hands, but he held on, and we dragged him and the bird onto the raft. It was about the size of a chicken. It was a gray bird. We wrung its neck, pulled the feathers out, and divided it up in five parts. It was the biggest bird we ever did get, and it came on Thanksgiving. The bird had dark meat, just like a chicken, and it tasted wonderful. We felt a lot better after that.

"We caught birds other times, but none of them as big as that first one. They were usually about the size of sparrows. Most of the birds would fish all day, and at night they would be tired, and sometimes they would rest in the water, and sometimes they'd even make a noise—wrack, wrack—just like a duck. At night, sometimes, a bird would light on the canvas and the fellow on the outside would whisper, 'There's a bird.' He'd sneak out from under the canvas and crawl across the rest of us, reach out, and wham! he'd usually have him. The most we got that way was three one night, and we got about twenty-five in all. Each one was divided five ways, even if it meant that the piece you got was about the size of a quarter. If we got the bird at night, we'd save him for breakfast, and if we got it in the daytime we'd usually divide it up and eat it right then."

At Izzi's suggestion, they saved intestines from the birds and used them, without hook or line, for bait. One man would dangle an innard at the end of his fingers until a fish had swallowed part of it, then he would jerk it and bring the fish onto the raft. Most of them were about the size of sardines. One day Izzi and Hoogendam got nearly eighty of them that way. Occasionally sharks would chase schools of tiny fish under the raft, and the men would reach through the hole they had cut in the deck and snatch the fish. "Me and the two Dutchmen," Izzi said, "got so we ate the fishbones and all, but Beasley and Mr. Maddox wouldn't eat the bones, and sometimes they would give the bones to us and we would chew on them at night. That was my idea, and I found that when I couldn't sleep, it felt kind of good to chew on the bones; made my mouth watery. It was something like the peanuts and pretzels they give you in a beer parlor."

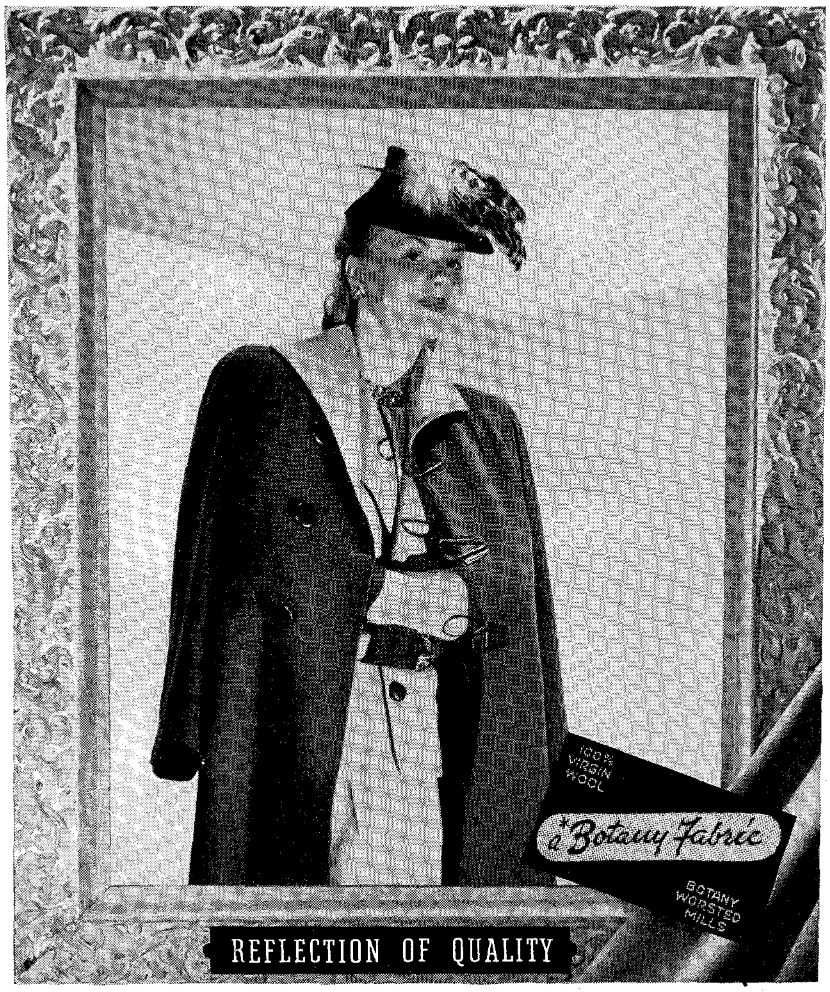
THE days went on. The chronology of the men's adventure became vague and confused. Izzi speaks of certain events as happening "a couple of weeks before we were picked up" or "about a month and a half after we got on the raft." Much of the time the men sat silently, looking at the bottom of the raft or out to sea. Izzi said there was much to admire in the South Atlantic. "Sometimes you would see fish fighting, big green fish that looked like dragons, and it was wonderful to watch. Once a great big blue fish jumped twenty feet out of the water. I'll never forget, either, a bird on a piece of cork that drifted along in the current with us for a while. This bird, about the size of a bluejay, landed on the piece of cork about the second week and tagged along with us for a couple of days. The cork would bob up and down and the bird with it. A shark got its eye on the bird, and would come up after it, flipping over on his back and his mouth open. The bird would just flutter up a couple of feet and after the shark was gone would come down on the cork again. I watched it for a hell of a time. It was fun to watch, and it made me laugh right out loud. Every once in a while out there something made one or two of us laugh. Silly things like the bird on the cork. The sunsets and sunrises were the most beautiful you have ever seen, red and purple and all the colors in the world. I never did get tired of those sunsets, even if it did mean night and cold was coming. When it got dark there'd be phosphorescent fish around us, making streaks and flashes."

At night the men looked at the stars, and it seemed to Izzi that they were able to recognize one especially big star most of the time. None of the men knew much about stars, and Maddox kept saying that when he got back on shore he was going to study astronomy. "We always tried to head west, or toward what we thought was west," Izzi said, "although you couldn't head that raft much of any place. We had a sort of sail, that smaller piece of yellow cloth, and sometimes we'd put it up on the sticks, but Mr. Maddox would take it down and wrap up in it. A lot of the time we would argue about where we were and where we were heading, and one fellow would say we were going into the South American shore and another would say we were headed for the Caribbean, but I usually didn't give a damn. I just wanted to get picked up."

At the beginning of the second month, the rainy season began. Squalls and storms would strike them, toss the raft about, and reduce the men to sodden misery. The men would huddle, jammed together, under the canvas and argue bitterly about who had the driest spot. "During this period it was pitiful how much it rained on us," Izzi said. "We had to go under the canvas to keep dry. Once we had to stay under, in the dark, for two whole days. Of course, the rains helped us, too, with our water supply, but I kept saying to myself: God, it doesn't rain this much." The rain brought on more arguments about what part of the ocean they were in. All Izzi cared about was being rescued, wherever he was, and anyway he wanted to keep to himself his slightly cynical belief that they were heading back toward Africa. Actually, they were drifting northeast, a few hundred miles off the coast of South America. At one time or another they quite possibly drifted across the outflux of the Amazon, which carries fresh water hundreds of miles to sea. If they did, they did not know it. Not one of the men ever made an attempt to drink sea water.

Seeing what appeared to be land birds often made the men optimistic. A tiny bird, whose feet were not webbed, would come twittering along, dipping after microscopic fish, and Izzi and his friends would for the moment be positive they were near shore. "The birds would come out in the morning opposite from the sun," Izzi said, "and they would go back with the sun at night, the same way they came from, you see. We used to say to each other, 'How can a *little* bird like that fly very far? We must be near land,' and we would kill ourselves trying to paddle after them. You can't really paddle a raft. You put one leg on the ledge, one leg in the water, and paddle it like it was a canoe, but it doesn't get you anywhere.

"Even a medium-sized bird, once you get the feathers off, is a little bit of a thing. Once we caught a bird the size of a robin, and we all got pieces out of it. Maddox got an idea. We had matches, and he never had liked the idea of eating things raw, so he decided to cook his piece. He took a match, and we were all interested. The old man, van der Slot, shielded him so the match



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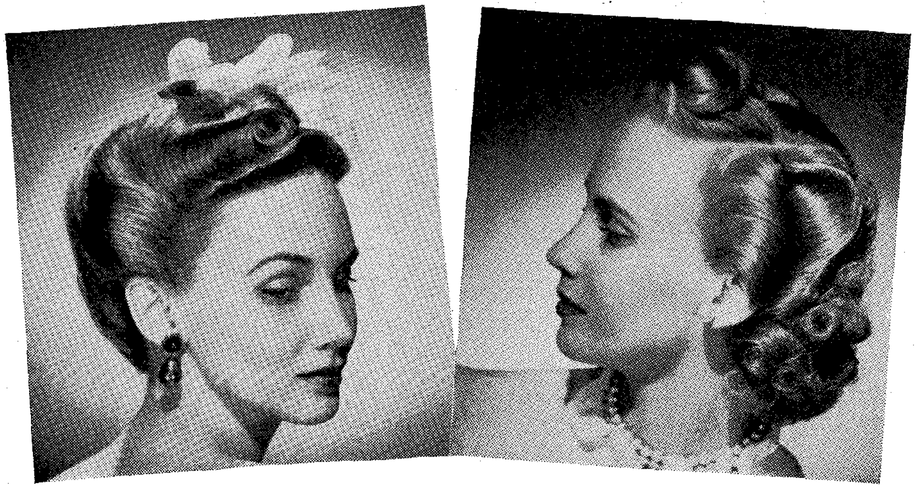

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wouldn't go out, and Maddox lit one. It went out, and then another. He lit another match and it stayed lit, and he held it under the little piece of bird he had until the meat was black. Then he nibbled at it. 'How is it?' we asked him. 'Pretty good,' he said, taking a little bite. 'Let's have some of it,' we asked him. We had already eaten our shares raw. 'It's so little,' he said, and ate it. He never tried it again."

The two watertight tins of matches among the provisions under the hatch had been the cause, on one of the early days on the raft, of a great disappointment, since they had led the men to believe that another watertight tin, which had an almost irremovable cover, contained cigarettes. "Else why would they put matches on the raft?" Izzi said. "The cover on this can had one of those little tiny handles that you can only get two fingers on. Our hands were soft and weak from the water, and we hit the handle with sticks and everything we could find to force the top off. We finally get it open, and what do we find? Flares. I suppose we needed flares, but we sure were disappointed there wasn't any cigarettes."

For some time the scissors in the first-aid kit were used to trim the beards which the men naturally began to grow. Hoogendam acted as barber. Van der Slot had a luxuriant beard, of which he was proud, but Maddox had the handsomest one on the raft. One of the reasons they finally gave up barbering was that they needed the scissors for a more important use. It was decided to break the scissors apart, tie each of the blades to one of the sticks provided to support the flares, and use them to spear fish. This idea was Maddox's, like most of the other good ones. Hoogendam was the best man with a spear, and, weak as he was, he caught eight or ten flat fish in the remaining weeks the men were on the raft. "The kid was damn good at spearing fish," Izzi said, "but he couldn't tell us much about them, even though he had been a fisherman."

THE men on the raft talked a lot about their past and especially about the things they had eaten at one time or another. Sometimes the discussion had a rapt quality and sometimes it became argumentative, mostly when a man was describing what he was going to eat when he got ashore. Sometimes, too, it became lyrical. Beasley used to talk about Hannibal, Missouri, his home town. It seems that there the hardier boys carried on the tradition of the town's great citizens, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Beasley would tell of sneaking out of school, robbing a garden, sliding down to a thicket along the Mississippi, dropping into a rowboat, and going off on an excursion. Sometimes he did this alone, but quite often he had companions of about his own age, twelve or thirteen. They would row out into the river, drop lines, and try for channel catfish. Sometimes, after catching a measly pickerel, Beasley and his friends would come ashore, find a chicken, boil it in a pot with vegetables, and have a meal.

That, Beasley would say, was life in Missouri, and it was a fine life. However, he supposed that if he were put ashore the next day, he would walk into a good restaurant and get some Southern fried chicken. Or maybe he would find himself a Chinese joint, say in San Francisco, and have chow mein. Beasley changed his mind often—chow mein one day, Southern fried chicken the next.

Van der Slot and Hoogendam, perhaps with perverse Dutch humor, talked of horsemeat. Horsemeat, van der Slot told Izzi, was the finest dish a man could get in Holland. Beef was all right, and so were lamb and pork, but horsemeat was really delicious. They agreed that the meal they wanted would consist mostly of meat and potatoes, and they'd settle for any kind of meat, even beef. Maddox chose to talk about *Smörgåsbord*. "He told me," Izzi said, "that there is fish, all kinds, and cheese, all kinds, and all kinds of meat, like salami, liverwurst, and bologna, and you keep going back to it until you got all you want, and you heap your plate high—bread and stuff, even salads." Izzi, whose tastes were Italian, gave his companions a really moving description of what a good spaghetti dish should be. Izzi's description was so eloquent that on one occasion the four other men agreed that the first thing they would have when they got ashore was a spaghetti party and that Izzi should tell the cook how to prepare the food. Then they decided, after listening to Maddox, that the second night ashore they would find a *Smörgåsbord* place and end up that meal with filet mignon; the third night they would have either chicken or chow mein, and next night they'd go to some place where there was good meat and potatoes. The exact order in which they would do the rounds was arrived at after weeks of discussion, and before it was made final the matter was put to a vote.

Izzi usually makes a distinction between the talks the men had of meals and of things to eat. The men's descriptions of the meals they hoped to eat someday were academic, philosophic exercises, as distinguished from burning issues. Izzi defines the latter as "The thing I would like to have right now." Beasley, speaking of his immediate desire, usually said he would like to have an Oh Henry! candy bar. Maddox, one of the two married men aboard, wanted chocolate cake, precisely as his young wife baked it, and preferably by her hand. Van der Slot, the other husband, dreamed of apple pie or chocolate cream pie. Sometimes he would talk for almost an hour without stopping about the cookies which were made in Holland. Hoogendam wanted any kind of candy. Izzi wanted a Milky Way candy bar. All of these men, even young Hoogendam and the rather intellectual Maddox, were convivial fellows, yet their dreams were not of beer or whiskey but of sweets. "That talking about food was good," Izzi said. "You talk about it, and you think about it, and your mouth gets watery, and jeez, it helps!

"I talked one day to the kid about éclairs. He didn't know what an éclair was. I explained it to him—an éclair is a great long bun, and on top of it is all chocolate and inside of it is all cream. He didn't get what I meant by cream, so I explained to him it was custard. Then I tell him about my folks taking me into town, say on a Saturday, when I was a kid, and they give me a dime and I spend it on two éclairs. Well, Hoogendam challenged me to a race after he figured out what I meant. We go into New York, and we see who can eat the most éclairs. Whoever loses would pay. I said when we got to New York we would go into a five-and-dime and get some fig squares. In a five-and-dime they are always most fresh, and we will walk down Broadway, I said, and eat them in front of everybody. Mr. Maddox couldn't quite figure what fig squares were, but after a while he said they called them Newtons out where he used to live in Indiana.

"We didn't talk much about drinks. Once in a while we did, though. I said once that when I get to my home town I am going over to my cousin's barroom and line up all the drinks I would ever want, from water down to whiskey, and drink them all. We didn't talk much about girls, either. I thought a lot about my sisters, and Mr. Maddox talked a lot about his wife, but that wasn't the same as talking about women in general. The one thing I resolved on that raft was that if I ever got back I never would be without a chocolate bar."

IZZI's twentieth birthday fell on December 3rd, the thirty-first day after the sinking, and he kept thinking about it for a week beforehand. "I told them I never had been missing from home on my birthday, and here I am out on a raft," Izzi said. "I used to always get a cake and gifts, and people would drop into the house and my old man would serve wine and beer, and my mom would always have a big feed. The four other men tried to cheer me up. They put their hands on my shoulder and said, 'Never worry, Izzi, we'll be in New York or Brazil for your birthday, and you can send a telegram home, or maybe even make a phone call.' 'How are we going to be picked up that soon?' I'd say, and they would tell me, 'Never forget, it takes a ship only half an hour to cross over the horizon and come over and pick us up.' We were always saying that it takes only half an hour for a boat to cross the horizon and find us. They kept cheering me up. 'When the boat rescues us tomorrow,' they'd say, 'we'll tell the ship's cook it's your birthday and he'll bake you a cake. If they pick us up today, we'll tell him tomorrow's your birthday and he'll bake you a cake anyway.'

"We were in the rainy season, and next day, my birthday, it was dark and cloudy and cold and it started raining. We all went under the canvas, and I took the outside position so I could watch out and see if a ship was coming. Hours went by and we still talked about my birthday, and it rained and rained. It rained harder on my birthday than it ever did any other time we were out there. They tried to cheer me, and late in the day van der Slot said, 'We'll be picked up tomorrow, and we'll tell the ship's cook that *yesterday* was your birthday.' It rained so hard I couldn't see more than a few feet in front of me, and I cried, and the tears rolled down out of my eyes because I knew that if a ship came by they couldn't see us."

—MARK MURPHY

•

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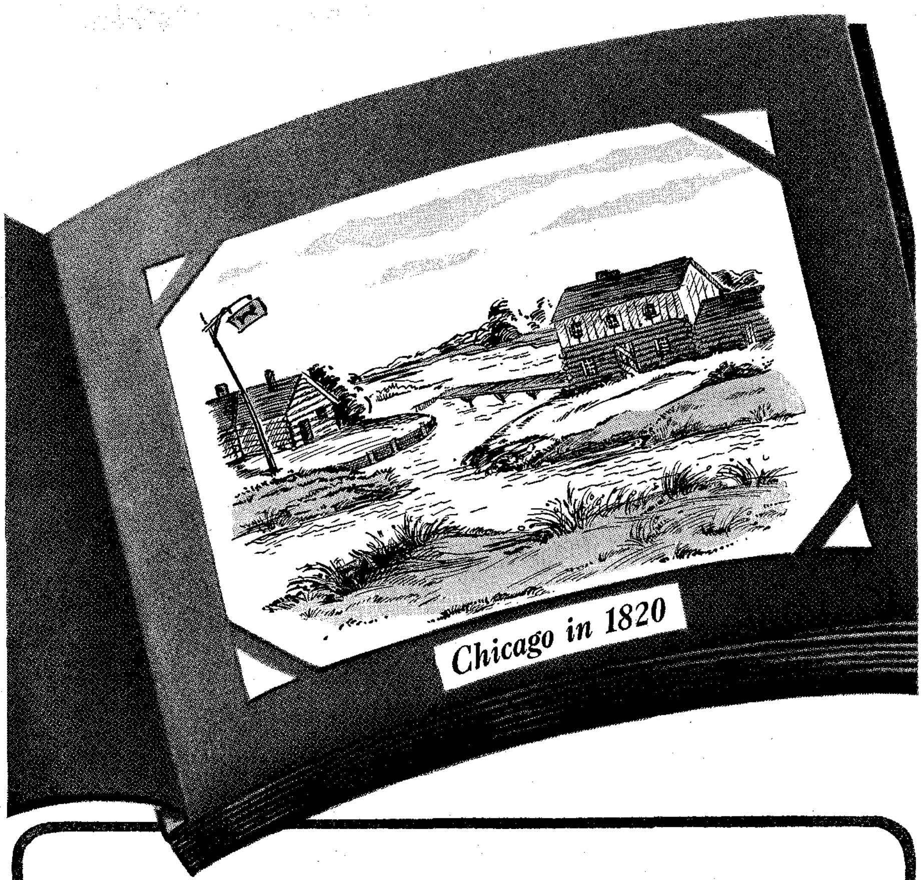

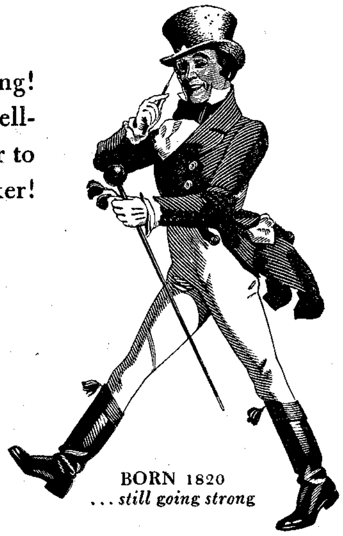

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THE THEATRE

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A FEATURE of "Murder Without Crime," which is taking its chances at the Cort Theatre, is that along about the beginning of the second of the three acts the audience has guessed most of what's going to happen and the air is filled with the hum of self-congratulation. This is because a body has been deposited in a large box and left there while the depositor goes about his business somewhere else. The public is naturally well enough educated to know by now that bodies, in the drama, have got to be watched every minute or they run wild. As a matter of fact, the author, Mr. J. Lee Thompson, apparently knows that the public knows, because he as good as tipped his mitt when he named the play. You can't very well have a murder without crime unless something's fishy. Crime without murder, yes. Murder without crime, no. It may be that Mr. Thompson counted on putting one over on the audience in the end anyhow, because a little development does come along which probably not everybody foresees and which certainly won't be revealed here because it's just about all Mr. Thompson has got in the way of surprises.

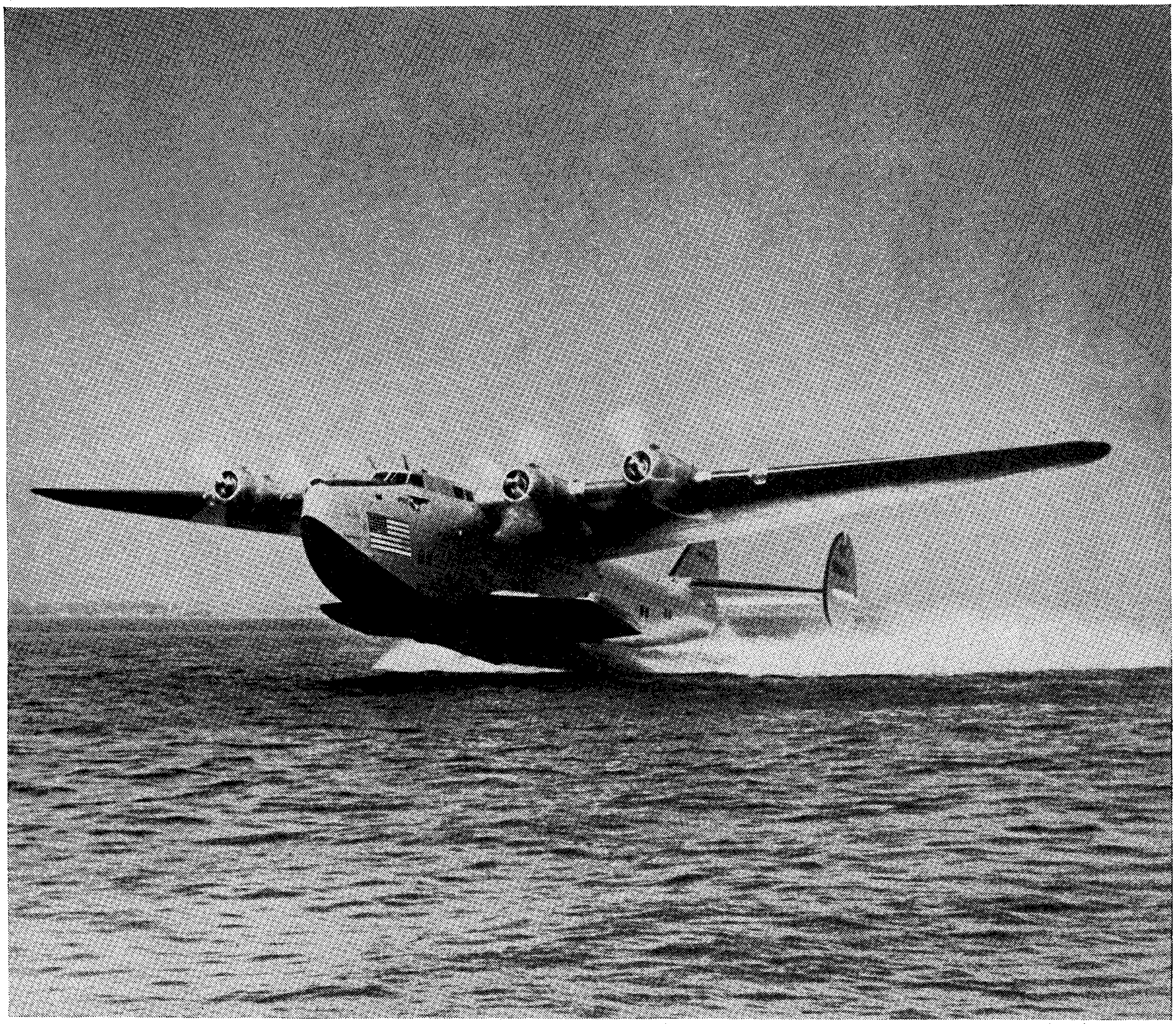
In the way of characters, all he's got is four people—two men and two women—and not much thought has gone into any of them except one of the men. He is played by Henry Daniell, who has no trouble making himself the main attraction of the evening. The character is a man who has rented a flat in his London house to a man he's never liked. When he finds that his tenant is up to something that wouldn't look right to the police, he decides to make the most of it by carrying on a war of nerves that unsettles the tenant plenty. Mr. Daniell does his work smoothly and satisfactorily, aided by the only intelligent lines in the play. In contrast to his part, the other man, played by Bretaigne Windust, and the other man's wife and mistress, played by Viola Keats and Frances Tannehill respectively, are on the inconsequential side. (Maybe intentionally so, for the *sake* of contrast—you can't tell.) Mr. Windust, who also directed the play and generally sticks to directing anyway, has not landed the best rôle in the world in which to venture out from behind the scenes. The things he's given to say, though they may be the rather special clichés of a man who's in danger of hanging, are still clichés: Whether it's because this bothers him or because he has fallen into disrepair as an actor, he appears to be uncomfortable out there in front of all those people. Miss Keats and Miss Tannehill seem more at ease, but it doesn't do them any good, because their parts are smaller and even less sensible. Miss Tannehill, for instance, gets to play one love scene with Mr. Windust which, though lively, is not on a very high plane, and then she's put away in a box. —D. E. L.

• •

EPITAPH

A tin of condensed milk was his nourishing mother;
His cradle a boxcar on the hobo trail;
His friends ten knuckles, for he had no other;
His wife was Saturday in a cheap hotel.

You cradled orators who have the entry
To lilac areas he never knew,
I pray you, sirs, remember in your speeches
This man who fell on many desolate beaches,
Letting slip through his loosening fingers a few
Coppers of memory from the gilded country.
—THOMAS RIGGS, JR.



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HEAT WAVE

IT had been hot all week—that humid, crushing heat that afflicts the Eastern seaboard of America and melts away the flesh of the quivering natives.

"All except the middle," said Mr. Capello to the brown-haired girl at his lunch counter. "You never lose it there." He stared bitterly downward at his bulging belly.

"I guess I'll be a skeleton before next week's out," said the girl, shaking back her soft hair. "Thank God it's Sunday tomorrow."

"I thought getting thin was what you dames wanted," said Mr. Capello. "Dessert?"

"Apple pie à la mode," said the girl.

"No ice cream, honey," sighed Mr. Capello. "All gone. You're late. It's nearly three o'clock." He pushed forward a piece of unadorned pie on a thick white plate.

"I was kept at the office," said the girl. "My boss gets busy whenever it's time to go home." She said it without bitterness.

"You work in an office, huh?" asked Mr. Capello. "My daughter, she goes to business school. But she don't like it. She likes a lot of music. Classical stuff." He waved a depreciatory hand. "No money in it." He wiped his forehead on his shirt sleeve. "Jeez, it's hot!"

"It sure is," said the girl. She had eaten just a few mouthfuls of the pie, and now she pushed it aside. "I wish you had some ice cream."

"I'm sorry about the ice cream, honey," said Mr. Capello seriously. "A pretty girl like you should get what she wants. But when it comes a heat wave, folks is wanting ice cream every minute. Coffee?"

"No thanks," said the girl. She swung gently round on her high stool, alighted, and paid her check.

"So long, honey," said Mr. Capello.

THE streets were hot. The baked buildings glared back at the glittering sun. I ought to go home and get a shower, thought the girl. But the memory of the small, hot room she lived in repelled her. She felt lonely and unhappy, for she hadn't been long in New York and the city scared her. Every Sunday, though, she wrote home to her mother in Maine and said what a swell time she was having and how fine the Fifth Avenue shops were.

I'll sit by the river, she decided. She walked slowly along Broadway toward Seventy-seventh, looking at the summer-clad crowds, which seemed so full of purpose in spite of the heat. Air-cooled! shrieked the restaurants and movie houses. Air-cooled! At Seventy-eighth Street she turned left down the shady side of the street and walked across West End Avenue. The vast gray apartment houses seemed to tremble in the heat. She crossed the Drive at Seventy-ninth Street and turned on to the curving path. The wide fall of steps glittered in the sun, the fountain soared and sparkled within a circle of burning stone. And as she walked she thought, I can't stand it. I can't stand this city any more. I've got to quit and go home.

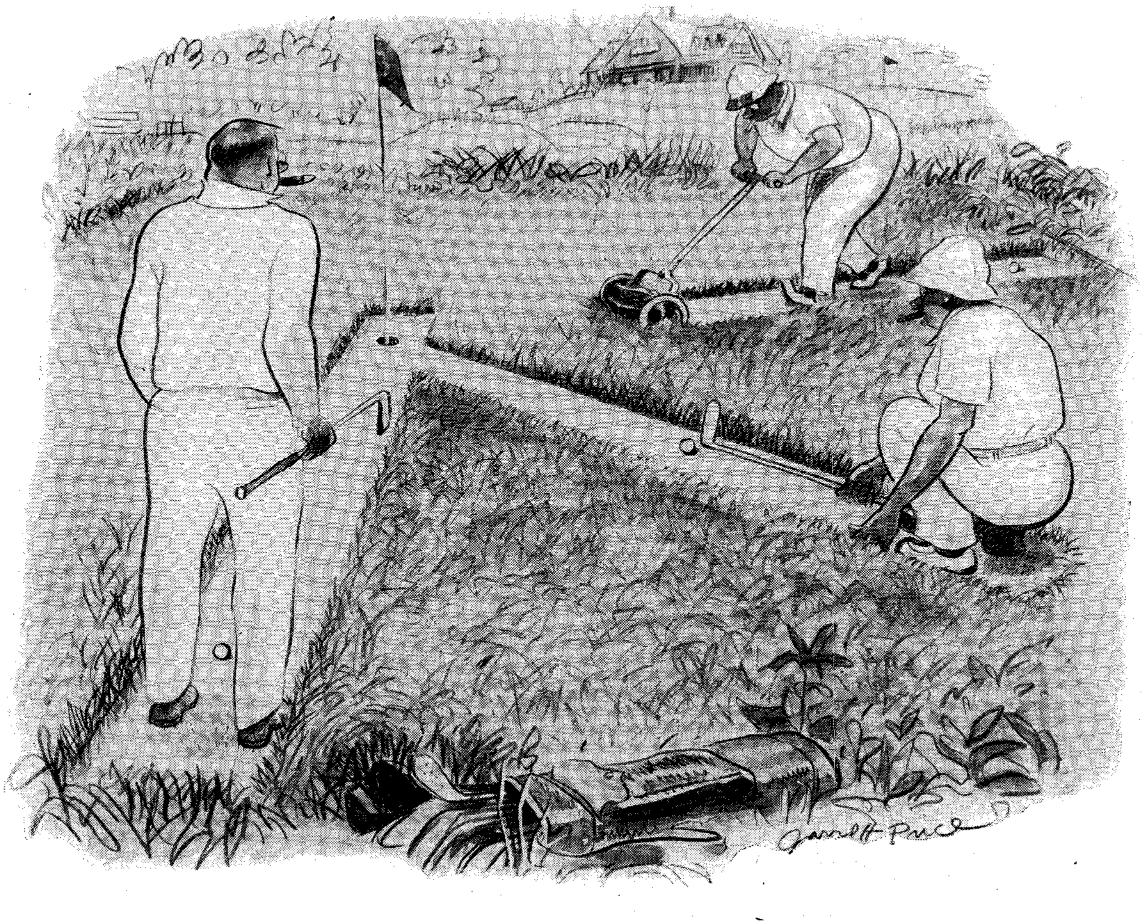
Weariness overcame her. She crossed slowly to the riverside and looked for someplace to sit. But the long wooden seats were crowded, and she walked on, searching for an empty place. A pair of snow-white sailors gave her a cajoling smile as they sauntered by. The hot row of humanity on the wooden seats perspired and muttered and stared at the ships on the river.

AT last she saw a vacant place—a seat with only two people on it. Wearily, gratefully, the girl sat down at one end of the bench. She looked at her neighbors—a thin, gaudily dressed woman with bright yellow hair and, beyond her, a young soldier in pale summer khaki. The woman was chewing gum and the soldier was staring across the river at the sullen palisades of New Jersey.

The girl looked at the slow-flowing water. In all New York there was nothing she liked as much. Every hour, every minute, it changed, yet was changeless. And the gray, camouflaged ships that sailed on its smooth skin had character and temperament; they were like people, no two the same.

She felt a sharp nudge. The woman with the glittering hair was demanding a match. Her voice was high and querulous. The girl poked in her handbag and offered a match booklet.

"The river gives me the creeps," said the



blonde. "Not that I don't feel awful wherever I am." She took a half-smoked cigarette from her handbag and lit it.

"Christ!" she said. "It tastes poisonous. Got any cigarettes?"

The soldier suddenly stopped looking at New Jersey and stared at the blonde instead. The girl offered her a pack of cigarettes. The blonde said, "Thanks, baby," and switched her glance to the soldier.

"Where you from?" she asked, giving him an arch smile.

"Denver," answered the young man, and looked at New Jersey again.

"Gee, you've come a long way!" said the blonde. She puffed rapidly at her cigarette. "And you—you live here, huh?" She nudged the girl sharply, as though she thought getting a poke in the ribs improved the hearing.

"Yes," said the girl, shrinking away from the bony elbow.

There was a minute's silence. A great, humming bomber flew west across the river. Its throbbing voice dwindled and died.

"I bet it's cool up there," said the blonde. "I wish I was up there." She shook her wild and gilded hair. "I sure feel bad. I'm in a hell of a temper. I threw up my job this morning. Consolidated Paper Box Company. Foreman said I was sloppy. Sloppy!" Her voice soared to a scream. "I asked him who the hell he was talking to. I went right out and punched the time clock." Her fury evaporated; she sighed. "Now I gotta think out my future. I walked out at eleven and I've been thinking ever since. I went to a movie, but it didn't soothe me any."

She took a last puff at the cigarette and flung it away unfinished.

"I guess it's the heat that makes me feel bad," she went on. "Your clothes stick to you like a wet bathing suit." She turned to the soldier. "I don't know how you stand it with a collar and tie. I'd just scream."

"You get used to it," said the soldier. He looked across at the girl and smiled. He had nice teeth.

"But I'm going to get the union after him," declared the blonde, tossing her burnished head. "What do I pay union dues for if I'm not to be protected when a foreman insults me? . . . What do *you* do for a living?" she asked the girl aggressively.

"I'm a secretary," said the girl. She wished she had brought a book so she could open it and ignore the woman. I must get up and find another seat, she

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thought. But all the seats seemed to be occupied.

"Christ! This heat gets me down!" said the blonde.

The soldier smiled again at the girl, but though she wanted to smile back she didn't.

"There's plenty of jobs," continued the blonde. "But I won't go into a war plant. I'll train for a beauty parlor. I can borrow the money from my boy friend. He's a Jew. I'm Catholic, but if I have to turn Jewish I don't care. I'm sick of working. Don't you get sick of the Army?" This time she nudged the young man.

"Maybe, but I don't quit," said the soldier.

"That's because they'd shoot you if you did," said the blonde. She took out a dingy handkerchief and fanned her face. "I wish I was married," she sighed.

The soldier leaned back in his seat and shook with laughter.

"You think you're funny, don't you?" snapped the blonde. "Well, you ain't, see?"

The girl found herself smiling too. The soldier's brown eyes met hers, so she composed her face and looked grave and dignified. Suddenly she felt full of love and compassion; she looked at the blonde with tenderness.

"Maybe you wouldn't like being married," she said gently. "Maybe you'd be happier in a beauty parlor."

"I know I'd be good in a beauty parlor," said the blonde, mollified. "I know it. What I need now is a hundred dollars for training. But I can get it from my boy friend. He's married, but he's going to get a divorce, so I can marry him and be in a beauty parlor at the same time. Then I'd have lots

* * *

TO OUR READERS

When you are through with your copy of *The New Yorker* each week, you can do a good turn by passing it along to the members of the armed forces. There are two simple and equally effective ways of doing this. The first is to mail your *New Yorker* to the Special Service Officer of any camp you choose, in which case the magazine will wind up in the camp's service club. The second is to mail it to some U.S.O. club. There are about a thousand U.S.O. clubs in cities and towns near military and naval camps and stations, and you can readily get the address of one near you by telephoning your local U.S.O. headquarters. In New York City the number is Pennsylvania 6-5400. An easy way to mail a copy of *The New Yorker* to any place in this country is to take a business-size envelope, slit it open at the ends, roll the magazine up in it, address it, and put on a five-cent stamp.

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of dough and a husband too, see?"

"That would be fine," said the soldier, looking at the girl.

"Everybody gets lonely," explained the blonde. She pushed back her thin, gilded hair. "That's the trouble. You get lonely and you have to have somebody around."

"Do *you* ever feel that way?" asked the soldier softly, addressing the girl. "Or maybe you aren't alone."

"She needn't be, with a figure like that," said the blonde. "Are you married?" she demanded.

"No," said the girl.

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Well, you sure are slow," said the blonde. "Isn't she slow?" she asked the soldier.

"Yes," said the soldier. "Yes, she's slow."

"Why, I can't cross a road without picking up one guy or another," said the blonde. "Though don't judge me by what you see now. I'm looking bad, what with getting tight last night and losing my job this morning. Then there's the heat. I don't believe it's any cooler by the river, either. I think it's just imagination. You see water and you think you oughta feel cool." She fumbled in her cracked leather handbag and produced a photograph. "See that!" She handed it to the soldier. "That was me last year. Look what that factory's done to me. I've lost forty pounds. Just look at me now!" She stared at the soldier, waiting for his sympathy. "I said look at me, not at her," she added, her voice a blend of anger and archness.

The girl flushed and averted her face.

"Say, if you live in Denver, what are you doing in New York?" the blonde asked the soldier.

"They don't keep soldiers at home," said the young man. "They usually send them someplace else."

"Sure, but New York ain't an Army camp, I know that much," said the blonde sharply. "Are you figuring on staying?"

"A day or two, maybe," said the soldier.

The girl suddenly felt unhappy. She looked at the soldier and her disappointment was in her eyes. He looked back at her and smiled.

"You must feel lonely here if you come from Denver," said the blonde. "Don't you feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," said the soldier.

"That's the trouble with everybody. Apart from the war, I mean," explained the blonde. "And even if you

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marry somebody, maybe it don't work out. Are you married?" she asked the soldier.

"Not yet," he said.

"And do you think *I* oughta get married?" asked the blonde anxiously.

"Sure," said the soldier.

"I can't figure it out. It's too hot," said the blonde. "But I think I'd better go call up my boy friend. Why don't you two go to a movie? It's cool enough there to give you pneumonia." She stood up. "Got a cigarette?"

SWIFTLY, gaily, the soldier and the girl both offered cigarettes. They looked as if they were longing to give away cigarettes, as though they were eager and anxious to be generous toward the whole world.

"Thanks," said the blonde, extracting a cigarette from each pack. She looked from one to the other; her rouged face wrinkled into a smile. "You look swell, both of you," she said. "Maybe you don't feel the heat. So long!" She flapped her thin fingers and walked away.

"I must be going, too," said the girl.

"Not yet, pleaded the soldier. He came an inch closer, but became suddenly shy and stared unhappily at the flashing belt of sunlight on the broad river.

"I've never seen the Hudson River till today," he said. "I always wanted to see it."

"I love it. I live quite near," said the girl.

"Just where do you live?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

"Can't we do what she said—go to a movie and get pneumonia together?" he said. "Would you? Maybe we could have dinner someplace afterward. Look, I mean it. Don't get me wrong. I don't just go around—you know—just—"

"Just picking up girls," she said, laughing.

"Then you'll go?" he asked, his face lit with wonder and delight. "You'll go?"

"Yes. Right now." She got up. They looked at each other. Timidly he linked his arm in hers, but she held it firmly and curled her fingers over his. They walked east, toward a movie.

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

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[*Headline in the Garden Page of the Times*]

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THE ART GALLERIES

Reports from the Front

"LIFE," by an odd set of circumstances, finds itself at the moment in a position that could scarcely have been foreseen in its prospectus. It is practically the sole promoter of what little we have in the way of a program for sending out artists to paint the war as they see it, and the situation is given point by an exhibition, now at the Metropolitan, of the work done so far in this line for the magazine. It's a good thing for us all, too, that *Life* undertook the job, for as things have turned out, if it hadn't done so we would now have practically no artistic record of the fighting so far. The government, which in all reason should have sponsored such a program, has after a great deal of talk at first done almost precisely nothing about it. There are, I believe, a few painters in the Navy as artist-correspondents. The Army had a few others, but through lack of Congressional support was forced to release them, and their contracts have been taken over by *Life*, which is palpably determined to go the whole hog in the matter. A few business houses, like E. R. Squibb & Sons, have made random gestures at sponsoring war art, mainly in the direction of propaganda. Otherwise, *Life* has held possession of the field, and, as a nation, we're left in the curious position of having turned over the job of interpreting the war pictorially to a weekly magazine.

This speaks well, of course, for the initiative and public spirit of the magazine but less well of the lackadaisicalness of a government that has shirked its obligations. That there are certain disadvantages, too, in leaving so important a job in the hands of a private organization is, I think, proved by the show in question. Ten men are represented by some hundred and forty paintings, drawings, and other works, and the first fault to be found, and probably the main one, is in the choice of artists. I admit I know no sure way of picking, from a bunch of artists who grew up in peacetime, the ones who would respond best to war scenes. Whoever it was who made the selections would be lucky to get less than fifty per cent failures. But a larger agency, like the government, would be able to support a larger group of men, and though the ratio of failures might remain the same there would at least be a greater fund of successes as its reward.

Viewing the collection at the Metropolitan, I could not escape the impression that the men were chosen, perhaps unconsciously, on the basis of reportorial standards, on their ability to draw quickly and vividly, within color ranges which reproduce easily. Now, that kind of work has its value, and the great worth of the show is that its actual reporting of wartime scenes—planes landing on carriers, troops embarking, airdromes, and so on—is both accurate and plausible. This, however, is a field that the camera has more and more taken over, and little is revealed in the paintings of Barse Miller, Paul Sample, Fletcher Martin, and Peter Hurd that couldn't have been shown more succinctly and competently in photographs.

War, in short, has far deeper meanings than its surface manifestations bring forth, and it's only in a few of the pieces—Floyd Davis's fine "Freighter Gun Crew" and "Darts," Peter Hurd's "Belly Landing," and the whole series of small drawings Tom Lea did of life aboard an aircraft carrier—that one senses a realization of these more complex values. In the majority of the pictures there is also a quality, which I can only call smugness, that detracts from their permanent interest. We are winning this war now, unquestionably, but the British weren't winning the Battle of Britain when the artists in the unforgettable "Britain at War" show of two years ago at the Modern Museum were doing their paintings of the blitz and its horrors, nor was Spain anything but a victim when Goya did the most famous and enduring war pictures of all, "Disasters of the War." It may be that victory is an artistic deterrent to the full understanding of war's meaning and that only when the iron is at our own breasts can we grasp all its implications.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

HOPEDALE.—Pres. Gordon A. Clark of the Draper Corporation Softball League has purchased fifty-six uniforms for the girls' league. The uniforms consist of a white blouse and various colors of caps to distinguish the four teams.

—*Worcester Evening Gazette.*

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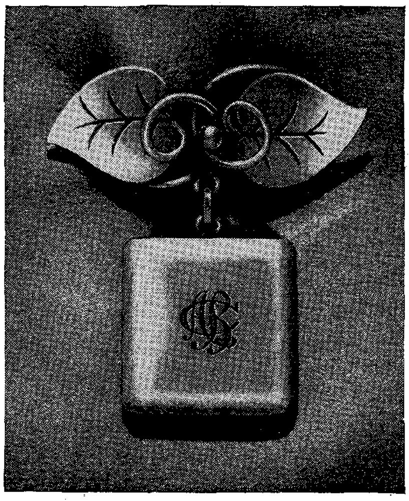

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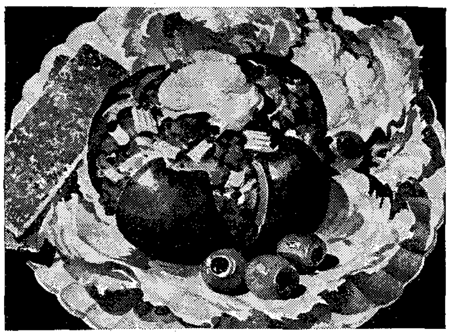

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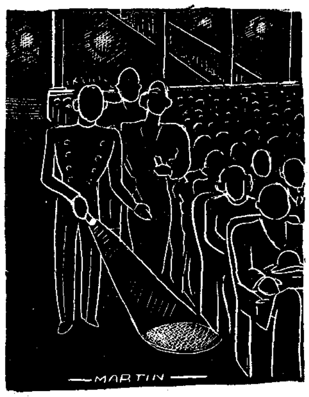
THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Depreciation

ALTHOUGH some time has gone by since it ran here as a play and a number of movies have come along in the interval which have also been about underground anti-Nazi movements, "Watch on the Rhine" stands up very well on the screen. This seems to be due partly to Lillian Hellman's original playwriting job, which was a reasoned, grownup piece of work, and partly to the reasoned, grownup acting of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas. Mr. Lukas, who was in the play, got to be pretty well acquainted with his part by the time Warner Brothers took him over, and Miss Davis, who wasn't, seems to have caught up with him. These two are supported by George Coulouris, Lucile Watson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and others, some of whom are graduates of the Broadway production and some not, but all of whom know what they're up to. Herman Shumlin, who, as producer and director, was a key member of the original troupe, also got to go along to California as director and seems to have made good with the rest.



The screen play, to get on with the credit list, was written by Dashiell Hammett, who has stuck fairly close to the Hellman line. He has tacked on a final sequence which seems somewhat unnecessary and serves only to give you one more look at Miss Davis before you go, but otherwise his work has been confined to giving the action a little more scope than it had on the stage. The story still concerns a German underground leader who manages to bring his wife and children to the safety of his in-laws' home in America and then sets out to fight his way back to work. The scene is prewar America, but the picture has as much timeliness as some of the harum-scarum, up-to-the-minute ones and more sense than most of them.

IF there are any gaps in your knowledge of campus traditions at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, you can fill them by seeing "We've Never Been Licked," which goes into the subject rather exhaustively. The title refers not to the college's football record—it would be inaccurate if it did—but apparently to America's military history, since the last part of the picture has to do with the war in the Pacific. Most of it is campus stuff, though. This includes bonfires and hazing and local slang and even a lovable old faculty member known, inevitably, as Pop, who seems to have won the respect and admiration of generations of A. & M. boys by just acting kind of simple. Then there's the hero, played by Richard Quine, who naturally doesn't see the point of all this tradition business at first and makes himself unpopular with the rest of the fellows. Then he becomes involved in a plot with some Japanese undergraduates, and before he can square himself, Pearl Harbor comes along and he's in a mess with everybody up through the State Department. International events are introduced at the end of the picture, presumably to give it an air of respectability, but they're too little and too late.

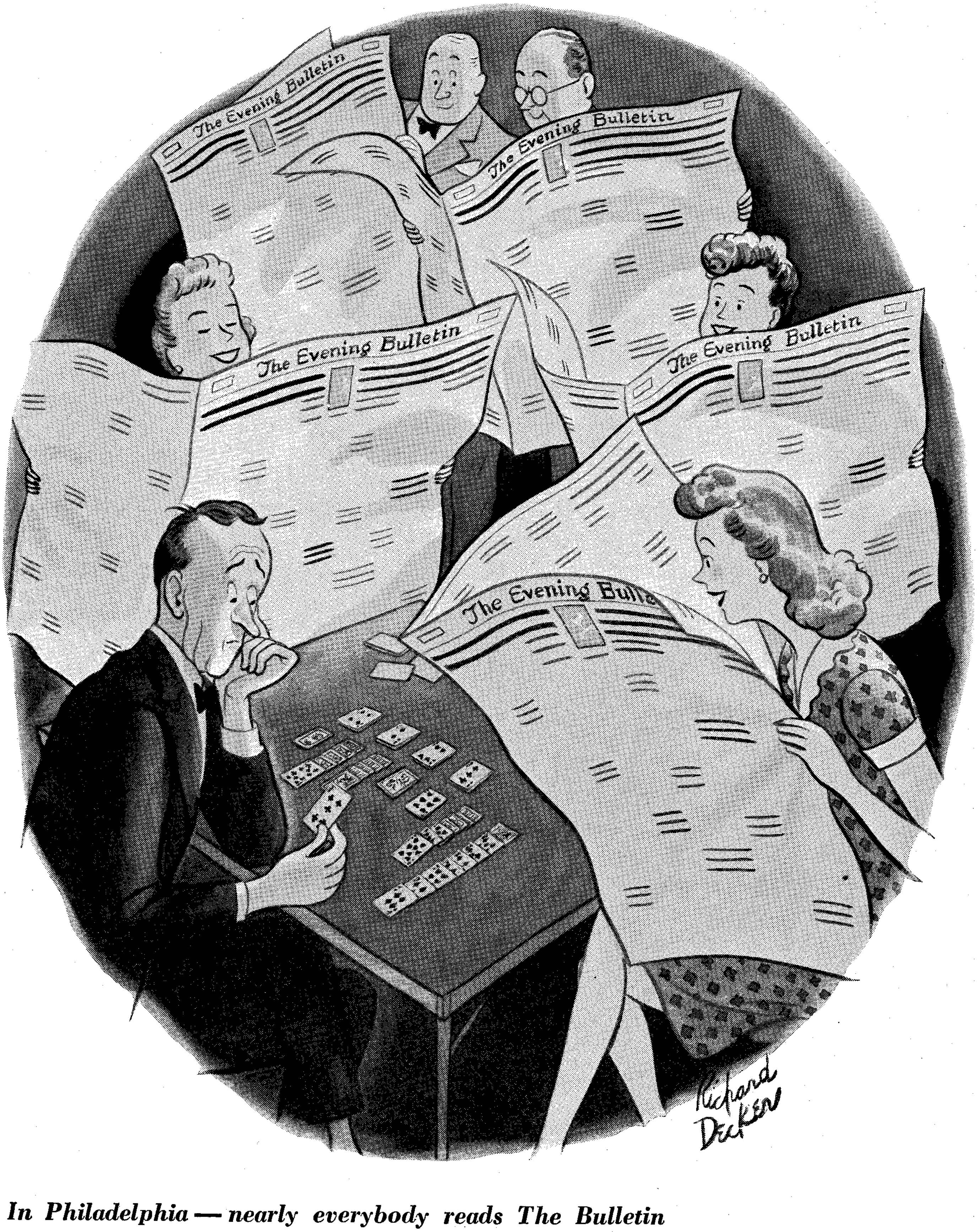
"SHRINE OF VICTORY" is a semi-fictional documentary about the Greeks who are outside Greece and still able to fight. Its intentions are fine, but it's a rather soft-spoken film and not particularly informative. Its authors, of course, had to have their little joke about the Greeks' having a word for it, but I suppose you can't begrudge them that. —DAVID LARDNER

•

TENDERS OF THE FLAME

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

With Nathan Rubin, Bill Link, Victor Davis, William F. Ryan and numerous others in the Army and Kenneth Grover, Tommy Wiswell and others of the brilliant band of New York analysts in the equally hazardous service aboard ocean-going tankers, checkerdom of the East is looking every day more and more like a desert. But when this war is finally won and the Japanese menace across the Pacific is removed forever; when the Nazi swastika has ceased to trouble the skies of Europe, and our own starry Flag is furled in lasting peace, then we will build larger and better checker organizations and the game, along with other subtle arts beloved by the minds of men, will flourish as it has before. Until that happy time is with us we with others are striving to act as the torch bearers, to keep the flame alive.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Richard Decker

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

The question as to whether they have forsaken the card table for the pages of The Evening Bulletin is of no real importance. But it is important for advertisers to remember that 4 out of 5 families in Philadelphia read The Bulletin★ sometime during the evening. Important, too, that survey figures show these Philadelphians are occupied with The Bulletin an average of 53 minutes daily — 43% longer than with any other Philadelphia newspaper.

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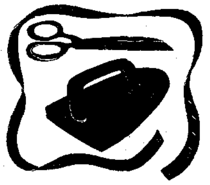
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

A STITCH IN TIME



WHEN the order rationing shoes burst upon a dazed but cheerful public early this spring, it immediately became apparent that even the smallest apartment, with the most limited closet space, had been unable to suppress the squirrel instinct in women. Startled shoe men found dumped before them mountains of motley footgear that had been stored away for the future—you know, shoes that might come in handy someday. Three-quarters of this massive assortment was shoddy, and conscientious repairmen would have none of it. Panic repairing, in which expensive and expert workmanship is thrown away on bad material, is as poor economy as panic buying, and all reputable shoe men have firmly discouraged it.

However, the shoes that *were* salvaged so completely that they emerged fresh and up-to-date proved to be such a delight to women that they began burrowing into closets and bureau drawers for other wardrobe items that had been on strike or, at best, working only part time because something about them was Not Quite Right. The miracles that are being performed on these things by various wizards around town (who in a moment shall not be nameless) have had a tonic effect on ladies who until recently were the most extravagant and careless buyers on earth. They are discovering, so help me, the thrift and common sense of their grandmothers, and they're actually enjoying it.

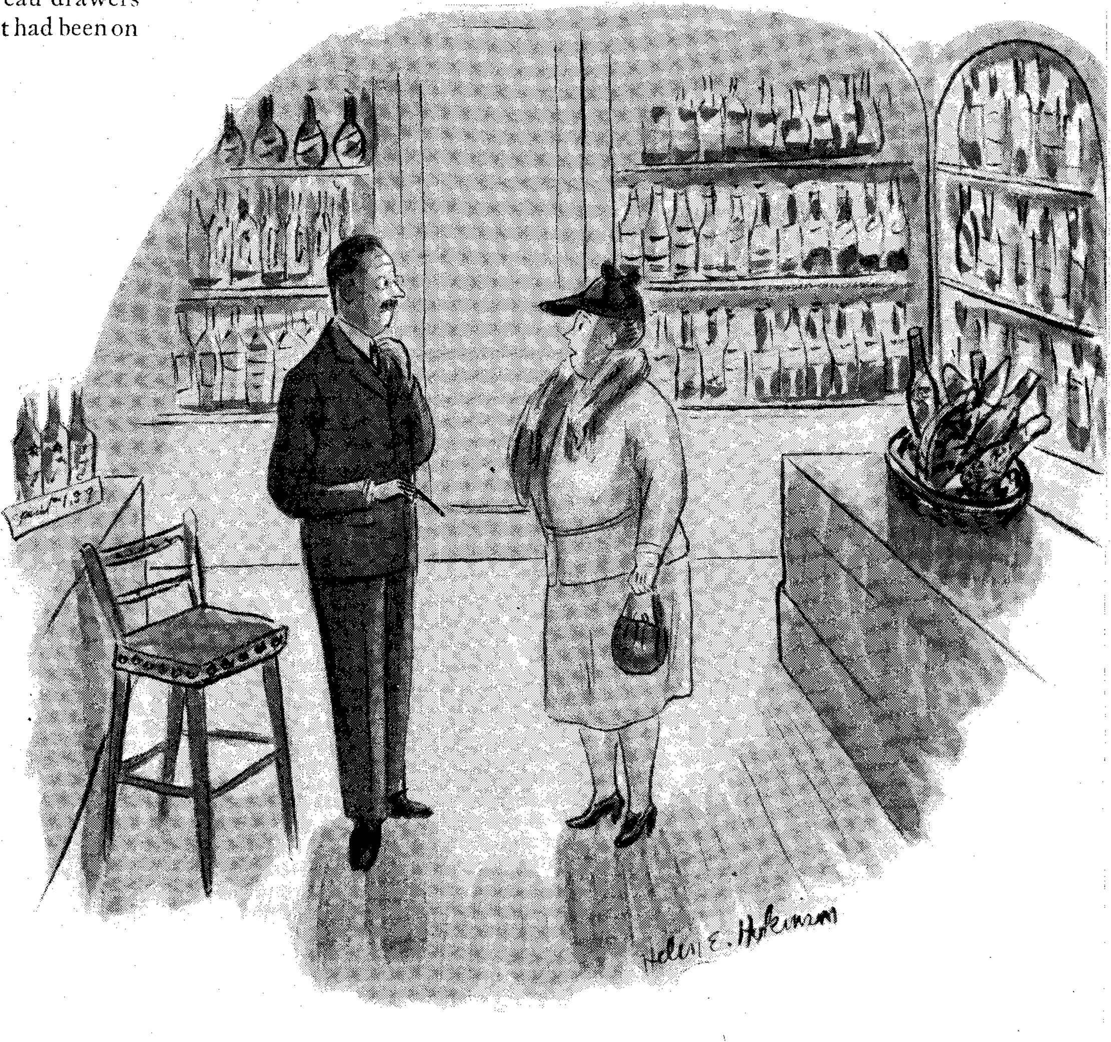
FURS, the most expensive item in a woman's wardrobe (and, when worn or outmoded, the most difficult to do anything about), are perhaps the No. 1 item on your repair list, assuming that you have one. Specialists like Jaeckel and Gunther and the fur departments of shops like Saks-Fifth Avenue, Jay Thorpe, and Bergdorf Goodman are resourceful as well as expert at reconditioning everything worth saving, from little two- or three-skin scarfs to an aging mink coat.

To be specific, Gunther is particularly proud of the way it restores mink. A classic mink coat, faded by sun and put out of sorts by years of servitude, can be made like new, if no fur has to be added, for $150. Gunther is also clever about converting old coats into jackets or capes that have real grace. If a coat of small furs, such as mink or sable, has taken too hard a beating to be eligible for conversion into even a short cape, Gunther can still find enough good skins to transform your dowdy outcast into a little three- or four-skin scarf for around $95.

Jay Thorpe reblocks and restores small furs beautifully. One pet dodge is to take the good skins of an old mink coat and make them into a stole, with the skins braided about the neck and ending in flat, Ascot tabs. This job costs about $75, which is also the price for remaking a pair of foxes into a stole that would delight the eye of anyone, even a fox. Beaver, broadtail, and Persian coats that have seen better days see them again after being converted into collarless mandarin coats with wide, soutache binding.

Saks-Fifth Avenue will restyle old coats, using the models in their custom salon, at prices that range from about $175 up for Persian lamb to $400 up for mink. What you get for that price is the equivalent of a brand-new coat. Like many other places, Saks uses the Hollanderizing cleaning process, which polishes your furs to a fine lustre. Saks urges you to have even fur-trimmed coats cleaned by this method in order to escape the fading that you risk when you rely on any old dry cleaner. Cloth coats cleaned this way cost from $5 up; minks from $12.50.

Though Jaeckel is sternly practical about first-class remodelling of fine



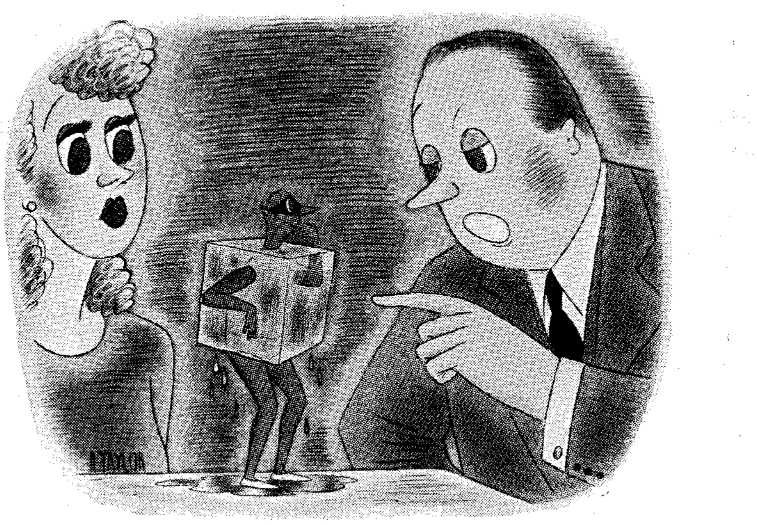
"*Have you a wine that would be at home with an omelet?*"

pelts, he is not above such frivolities as taking a pair of your aging silver foxes that are still in fair shape and applying them in strips on chiffon to make an enchanting and economical cape. Jaeckel also replaces the little worn muzzles of martens and sables and adds ears or paws or other trifles to make old fur pieces look well groomed once again. Furthermore, you can have a mink coat recut, restored, and relined here for about $350 if no new fur has to be added; Persian coats will run about $195.

The name of Alfred Rainer might not be familiar to you, but familiar or not, he's a man with fine ideas about furs, he has a skillful way with a coat that's beginning to look mangy, and he can do all sorts of things about sports furs. He's at 17 East 55th.

If mink and sable seem to dominate this essay so far, it is because they are in the treasure class and especially merit preservation. That doesn't mean, though, that you can't find plenty of furriers who will do equally loving jobs on muskrat (a sturdy fur which responds gracefully to treatment), nutria, krimmer, beaver, caracul, and the rest.

REVAMPING last year's hat was a regular procedure up to twenty-five years ago, when mass production, together with a new feminine restlessness, caused bits of feathered froufrou to be bought in quantities and then tossed away with astounding celerity. La, la, the madness of it all would put you to sleep in a trice! Now we're back to those thrifty days again, and girls are unearthing, from those big hatboxes on their shelves, an assortment of discarded bakus and French felts that are irreplaceable and therefore worth a good repair job. Bonwit, Lord & Taylor, Bendel, and other such shops will help customers keep their hats in running order. Re-veiling is a commonplace minor repair that is often all a hat needs to start it on a new term of usefulness. At Lord & Taylor, you can have this done for as little as $1.75. Marie Zecha, 11 East 48th Street, does frivolous or dignified refurbishings with feathers and flowers; her bows have the mark of an accomplished milliner and she is perfect with the calots that today seem determined to become part of the national uniform. Miss Mildred, 141 East 51st Street, will reline or do other small but important things to freshen up a hat. Anne Donner, 72 East 56th Street, likes to turn last year's hat into something more timely, such as making it match a suit or coat by

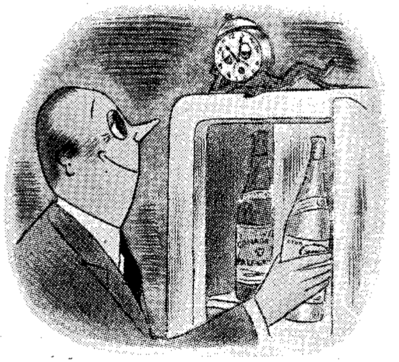


Host: Who was that bubble I saw you with last night?

Melting Ice: (slyly) Which one? When I meet drinks made with ordinary club soda, I run wild. My air bubbles steal the sparkle right out of your drink. Then my ice water dilutes what's left. Gone is sparkle and tangy zest. Do I have fun!

Host: Not this time! I'm using Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* —millions of tinier bubbles. Sparkle lasts to the last delicious sip.

Melting Ice: The jig's up. *Bang!*



Clock: Hey—how long is this going on? I've ticked so many times since you recapped that Canada Dry Water and put it in the refrigerator my springs creak. Gosh, its zesty sparkle lasts!

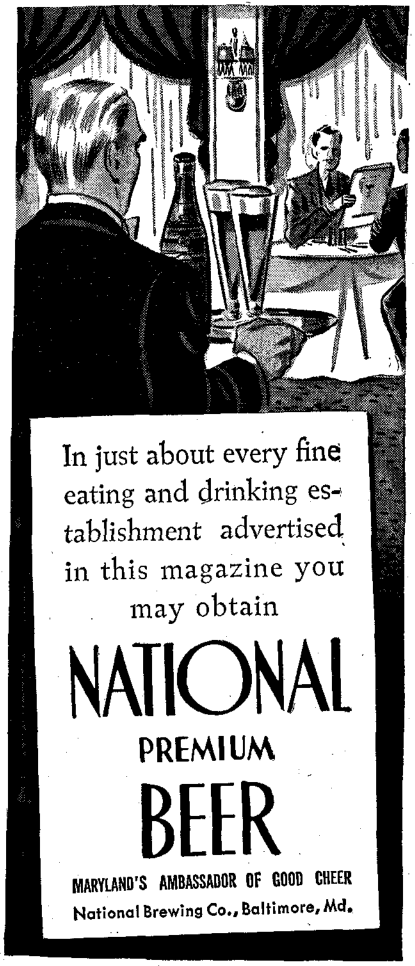
* **PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

FINER FLAVOR! A special formula points up the flavor of any drink.

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
PIN-POINT CARBONATION

CANADA DRY WATER

SAVE MONEY, conserve caps. Buy the big bottle.

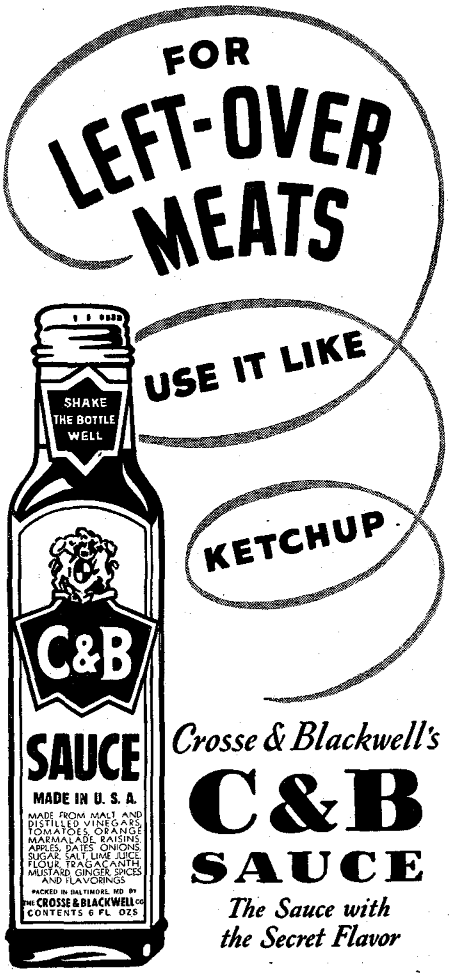


In just about every fine eating and drinking establishment advertised in this magazine you may obtain

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.


SHAKE THE BOTTLE WELL
C&B
SAUCE
MADE IN U. S. A.
MADE FROM MALT AND DISTILLED VINEGARS, TOMATOES, ORANGE MARMALADE, RAISINS, APPLES, DATES, ONIONS, SUGAR, SALT, LIME JUICE, FLOUR, TRAGACANTH, MUSTARD, GINGER, SPICES AND FLAVORINGS
PACKED IN BALTIMORE, MD BY THE CROSSE & BLACKWELL CO
CONTENTS 6 FL. OZS

FOR LEFT-OVER MEATS

USE IT LIKE KETCHUP

Crosse & Blackwell's C&B SAUCE

The Sauce with the Secret Flavor

appropriating a spare patch pocket or part of the hem of the skirt.

Shoe repairing nowadays consists of a great deal more than mere mending. A smart workman can take an ancient, long-vamp pump, open the toe, shorten the vamp, restyle the heel, and give you back a fresh and up-to-date shoe. I. Miller reconditions shoes on the original lasts, and the price of $3.50 includes half soles, top lifts, having the uppers relasted, and any necessary sock relining. H. Kauffman, down at 139 East 24th Street, and Abercrombie will clean, saddle-soap, resew, and overhaul riding boots and put new leather patches on riding breeches. Abercrombie, too, will dry-clean and recravenette both men's and women's Burberries. Kauffman makes trees to fit all types of boots for $12.50, an important item when riding boots are being put away for the duration. Lord & Taylor will clean and raise the nap on light-colored suèdes as well as shoes in the classic darker colors and are wonderful at retipping, rebinding vamps, cutting down heels, and other such useful tricks. Macy, too, will do excellent shoe repairing; fifth floor in the Broadway Building.

IN the reclamation of accessories such as bags or gloves, Miss Penn, now at 37 West 57th Street, does fine work. She washes antelope or reindeer bags and sees to it that they remain the jet black they were in the beginning. She does every sort of handbag rejuvenation—redressing leather, re-enamelling clasps and ornaments, and relining or refitting the insides of bags. Skib, at 357 East 57th Street, is a small shop exhibiting imagination and expert work in handbag repairs. Both Macy's Mending Shop and Lord & Taylor repair zippers and slide fasteners that have gone awry. Altman's Save It Service (main floor) likes you to bring in those old-style rectangular bags of fine beads that we used to get in Europe. They rip a bag apart and make a smaller, envelope bag out of each of the two sides—easier and far more beautiful than it sounds. The Saxon Bag Company, 13 East 47th Street, is wonderful at cleaning and repairing fine petit-point and tapestry bags, fixing marquisite frames and ornaments, and restoring collectors' items in handbags. Master Bag Rebuilders, 15 East 40th Street, do bag repairs and report a demand for installing secret compartments in bags and wallets—the kind that used to keep your passport safe but are now more useful for ration books and identification cards.

The Variety Glove Company, 223 Lexington Avenue (33rd), does all kinds of repairs on your gloves and also is good at making one or two brand-new pairs of gloves from those elbow- or shoulder-length French gloves that have been lying useless, the darlings, in the drawer. The Little Mending Shop, at Saks-Fifth Avenue, is adept at cleaning white gloves and returning them snowy white instead of faintly yellow. They, and Lord & Taylor, seem to know every one of the tricks of glove mending and rejuvenation.

Altman has an umbrella-repair service. Also, H. Wank, 161 East 34th Street, and the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, will do all the repairs that the old-fashioned itinerant umbrella man would do, providing new ribs, ferrules, cords, rolling tapes, and so on. Like many other things, good umbrella frames and handles are at a premium today and worth putting in condition.

The rubber shortage has made women acutely aware of the importance of having girdles repaired. If there's life in the old girdle yet, shops like Franklin Simon, Altman, and Bonwit Teller will clean and launder them for about $2. Their corset shops will also replace or mend stays and garters, change measurements, and replace bras and shoulder straps. Ruth Merzon, at 45 West 57th, does a fine job of rebuilding a corset or of introducing lacing sections in girdles to accommodate mothers-to-be; these sections can be removed after the happy event. Fanny Cronbach, 1166 Lexington Avenue (80th), has a small shop that does work with painstaking care; another one-woman business is operated by Theresa Fischell, 64 East 94th Street, who will do fitting anywhere in midtown. Jean Kaufman, 193 Madison Avenue (35th), the Emma E. Goodwin Co., 17 East 37th, and Franceva, 16 East 52nd, are all good corset rejuvenators.

AS for clothes, Alteration Service, in Room 209 at 640 Madison Avenue (59th), presses clothes by hand and can take in or let out clothes with aplomb; I even saw a size 42 transformed into a 14. They are doing a lively business in converting clothes into maternity wardrobes and back again, and they will go to fit things in the homes of elderly people or invalids anywhere in mid-Manhattan. Betty Fields, at 55 West 42nd Street, is wonderful at restyling a discarded dress that is made of some precious fabric. She'll take the sags out of frocks, change necklines, move waistlines, and so on in remarkable fashion. Frank de Gez, 46 West 48th Street, is a women's custom tailor who will do fine repair work on tailored suits, his or anyone else's.

Alice Maynard, at 558 Madison Avenue (55th), cleans, blocks, and refits knit clothes of silk, bouclé, or wool; Elsye, 4 West 57th, is another expert in this, tackling such delicate problems as evening sweaters knit of fine ribbon or metallic thread.

The Bestway Shine Removing Company, at 416 Madison Avenue (48th), is famous for its deshining and renapping of wools, but you may not know that it also removes shine from silk and rayon dresses and that what this place can do with faille is just plain marvellous. The Little Mending Shop, at Saks-Fifth Avenue, reweaves moth-eaten cashmere and other fine knits so well that you can't discover where the moths left off and the mending began. This establishment's stoating, a magic method of mending damage that is too extensive to make reweaving practical, is perfect. La Mers Studio, 142 East 34th Street, is handy at invisible repairs on such intricate stuffs as damask, laces, and sheers as well as wools, silks, and knits. The New York Art Weaving Company, at 359 Lexington Avenue (41st), is a reliable hand at reweaving and stoating a variety of materials.

There are hundreds of places in the five boroughs where stockings can be repaired, and I assume you have found someone in your neighborhood who is competent at it. Sheer evening hose, however, obviously need delicate attention, and once again Saks-Fifth Avenue's Little Mending Shop is where you should go. This place will also tint odd stockings to team up into a pair for fifty cents—a godsend, in the opinion of one lady whose top drawer was full of single stockings that weren't speaking to each other until the Little Mending Shop took over. —L. L.

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E52-G39

BASEBALL POINTS

ST. LOUIS, JULY 13 (AP) CARDINAL SOUTHPAW ERNIE WHITE, WHO RETURNED TO ST. LOUIS FROM BOSTON TO HAVE HIS AILING ARM EXAMINED, HAS BURSITIS IN HIS PO9 ' £97) $34.
—*A.P. dispatch received by the Christian Science Monitor.*

Painful damn thing.

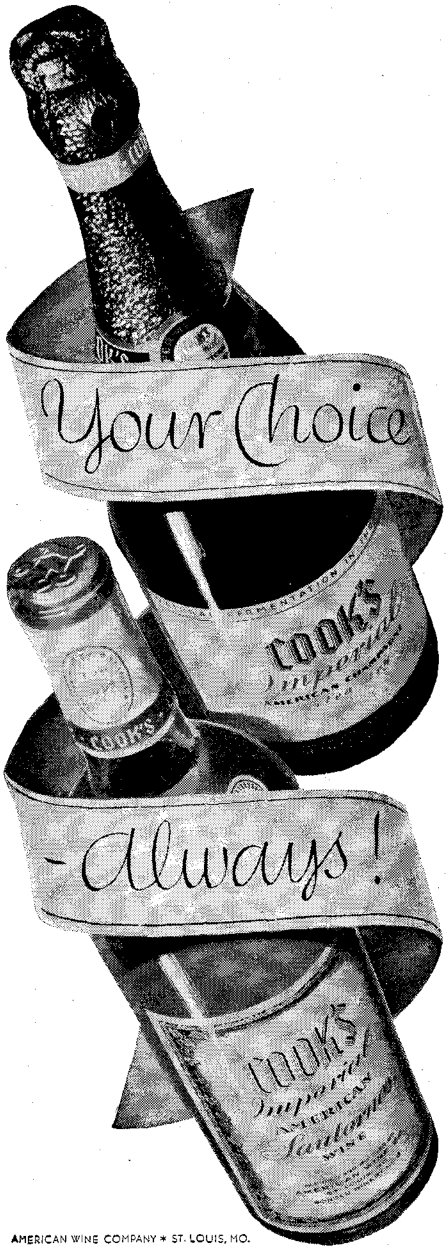
Young-Timers
Black Woolen "Smoothie"
$35

Hearts for buttons . . . gently draped skirt . . . deep, sharply contrasting cuffs of wool-and-rayon in lime green, gold, light blue.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

THE
STARLIGHT ROOF
LEO REISMAN
and his Orchestra at dinner & supper
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra alternating at supper
- and at supper only -
MORTON DOWNEY
Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturday, $2
BUFFET LUNCHEON
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)
—SUNDAY DINNER—
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra for dancing.
Selective Dinners (NO COVER)
THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA

Enka Rayon
206 Madison Ave. • New York • AS 4-3118



AMERICAN WINE COMPANY * ST. LOUIS, MO.

Paramount's
"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Twice Daily—2:30 & 8:30 P. M.
ALL SEATS RESERVED

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" will not be shown at regular admission prices until 1945.

Air Conditioned RIVOLI Broadway and 49th Street

NEEDED now in many fields, men and women who speak Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Chinese!

630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416
BERLITZ

THE RACE TRACK

Bradley's Best

HO hum! The meeting of the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses will close this weekend. Sentimental horseplayers are going to miss those last, gay days they used to have up at the Spa, the drive back to the city, and the process of settling down for the autumn season on Long Island. On Monday, they'll merely get on the train for Aqueduct instead of Belmont, and that won't seem like an especially refreshing break in routine.

In case you haven't any ideas of your own about this Saturday's Hopeful Stakes, my timid guess is that either Bee Mac or By Jimminy will win it. I get two guesses, and you get two runners for the price of one pari-mutuel ticket, because, though the horses are owned by different interests, one man trains both of them.

Last week, as you may or may not recall, I made the remark that Ed Bradley's luck had turned. Well, the other morning my little man with the big ears, who lives under that cedar of Lebanon in the paddock at Belmont, reported to me that someone wanted to buy By Jimminy from Bradley, just so he could run the colt in the Albany Handicap that afternoon and beat Tropea. Tropea belongs to William Helis, and there's a theory that the would-be buyer was one of the unsuccessful bidders against Helis at the Lexington sales who hadn't cooled out yet. Bradley didn't sell, though, for reasons which, whatever they were, turned out later to be thoroughly justified. By Jimminy didn't win the Albany Handicap (Rodney Stone, the horse who's named after Richard Croker's famous bulldog, took care of that), but he did come in second, beating Tropea easily, and on Saturday he won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes from a dozen other two-year-olds. I don't expect that By Jimminy will have any more trouble in the Hopeful than he had in the Grand Union, in which he certainly had his share, what with being shoved so violently against the rail that his rider almost got hurt. At any rate, he won't have to worry about Smolensko, the 80–1 shot who put on such a spectacular finish to run second in the Grand Union, because Smolensko isn't in the Hopeful. However, a horse named Kaytee is, and in some circles Kaytee is still a tip.

I regret to report that the Milky Way Farms Stable, without which no Saratoga meeting would be complete, isn't doing as well as it used to. The other afternoon the first of its horses to finish in front this season—a 40–1 shot, by the way—was disqualified for bumping and crowding. The animal's name is, inappropriately enough, Reimburseme. Speaking of names, this department's insignificant annual award for the best one given to a two-year-old goes to Lieutenant Colonel Jock Whitney. One of his colts, who is racing in England, is by Foxhunter out of Old Melody, and his name is John Peel.

THE way things are now, it looks as if there are more $20,000 handicaps than first-class horses to run in them. The Saratoga Handicap, which used to have big fields, brought out only three runners last weekend, and the sporting crowd booed like anything because there weren't enough horses (there must be at least five) to permit show betting. All in all, it was as dull a Saratoga Handicap as I ever saw, with the pace slow in the wrong places and fast in the wrong places. Shut Out led for a mile, and then Princequillo, a ratty-looking three-year-old from Ireland, galloped past him and the other entry, Bolingbroke, in the stretch, to win by lengths. I daresay Princequillo will win the Saratoga Cup quite as easily this Saturday. While I'm being frank, I might as well say I thought that Shut Out was poorly ridden.

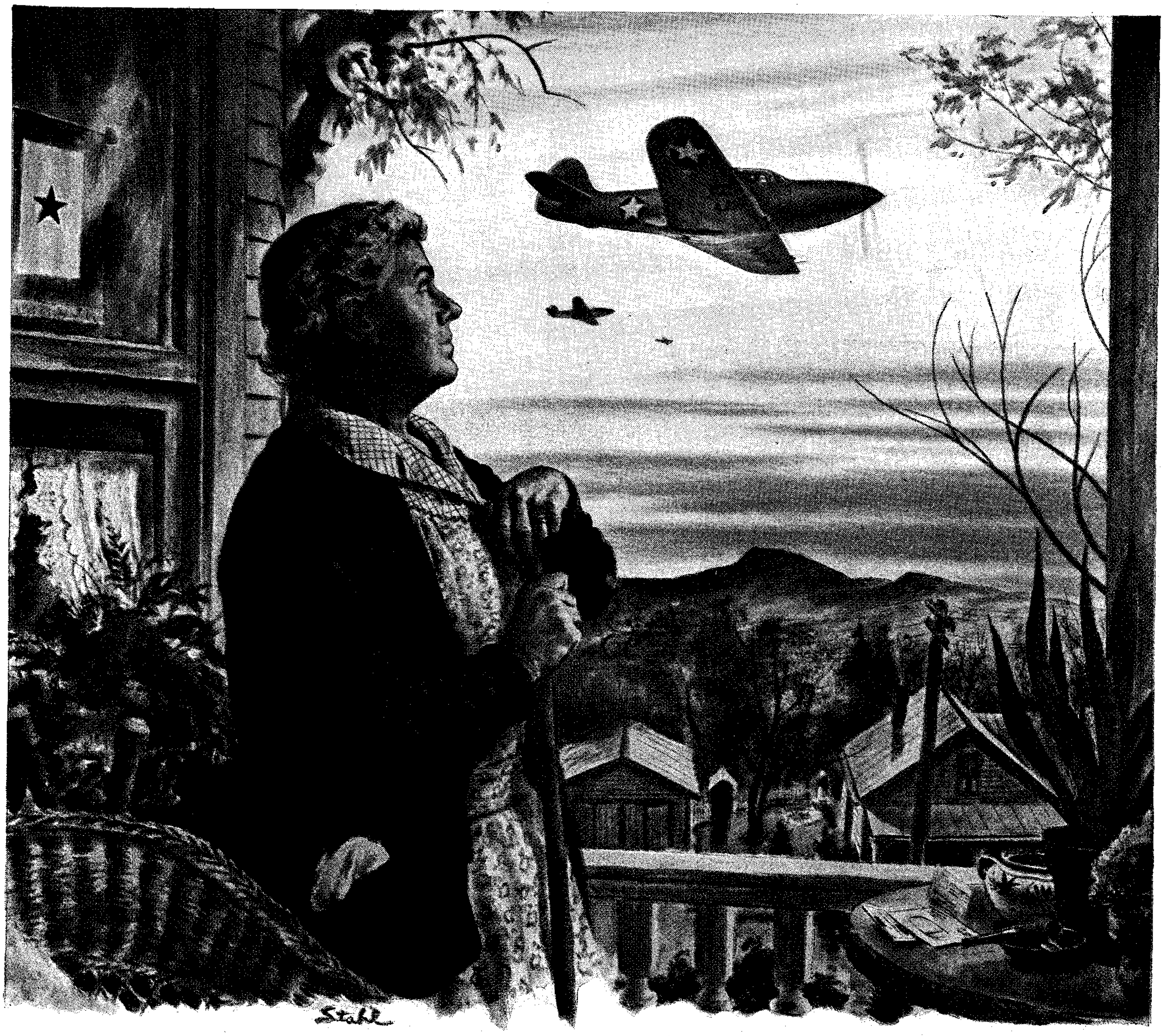
COLONEL MARTINGALE, who still gets around despite his age, popped up to the trotting races at Empire City late the other afternoon. Over a filling station just outside the entrance to the track, he spied a sign which announced "Free Parking One Dollar."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Cpl. and Mrs. J. Tilden Abram of Grass Valley, Calif., chose New Orleans as their honeymooning place . . . Cpl. Abram is a graduate of St. Mary college. . . . He now is in the chemical warfare division of the United States Army . . . Mrs. Abram (Alene Marie James) is a University of California graduate, with a Phi Beta Kappa key and other honors attached to her.—*New Orleans Item.*

Sort of cluttery for a honeymoon.



It's Okay, Mom

We have this to say...to a lady whose boy has gone to war. All of us here in America want our fighting men to come back.

To help bring them safely home, we're giving them the best equipment we can produce. The finest of food, clothing, medicine, guns, tanks, planes.

That's why planes like the U. S. Army Bell Airacobra are designed with stout armorplate protecting the pilot . . .

With self sealing gas tanks . . .

With bullet-resistant "armor glass"...

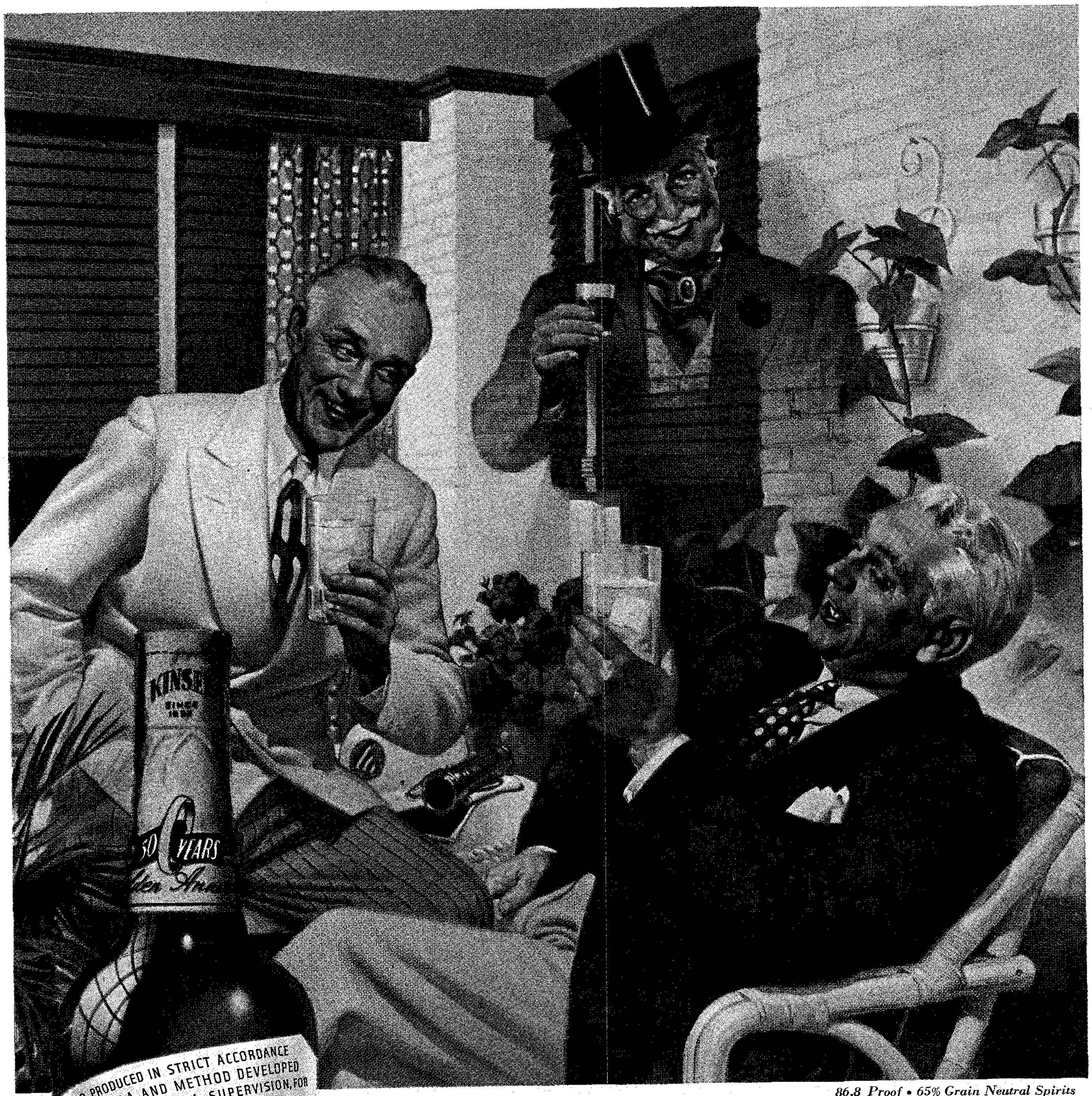
With a 37 mm. cannon in the nose. (After all, an explosive cannon shell hurtling at the enemy is a pretty good protective device!)

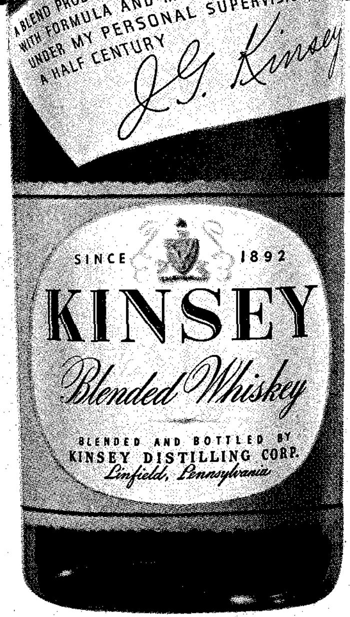
These and all the other safety features built into American planes add weight, make design problems tougher. But they'll bring safely home many an American boy who might not have come home without them.

WHEN they come home, they'll want planes of peace. There'll be another era of aircraft pioneering—this time to make planes still safer, simpler, more useful, more economical. You'll see then how an *aircraft manufacturer* could pack decades of aviation progress into a few short years of war. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, New York.

BELL *Aircraft*

AIRACOBRAS for victory—future planes for peace


KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS


A BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

NOW AS IN 1892 — *It's Kinsey for Enjoyment*

FIRST AIR WARDEN: That "all clear" sounded good to me. Now for a breather—join me in a "tall one".

SECOND AIR WARDEN: Say, I'd go for an air raid drill every night if I could always top it off as pleasantly as this . . . with Kinsey.

FIRST AIR WARDEN: Don't try to make me think you need inducements. You're as keen to do your bit for Civilian Defense as your family is way out front in saving scrap metal and kitchen fats. Here's to you and millions like you who are doing what they can . . . all they can . . . the best way they can.

NOW THE GAY 90'S SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: *Today as in my day it's the same—Kinsey and enjoyment go together. And with Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller still supervising the blending of this Golden Anniversary Whiskey, you can depend upon getting the same good product that always has been the secret of better taste in Kinsey.*

Do as we did . . .

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR!

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

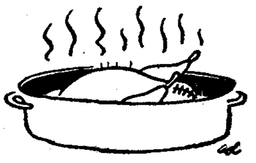
PERSPECTIVE, let it be said in the beginning, is probably a good thing. But if the *Herald Tribune* is to continue running its daily column called "Twenty Years Ago Today in the New York Tribune"—and we'll lay twenty to one that it does—the strain exerted on the average reader by today's front-page news demands either that the column be run in print so small no one will bother to read it anyhow, or that the rewrite desk stop using the present tense and thus preying on our mind the way they've done during the past few weeks with the death of President Harding. It all began on July 17th, when we turned away from a story on Governor Dewey's picking state planners and noticed a small item on the editorial page with the dateline "Talkemtna, Alaska":

> President Harding yesterday drove the locomotive of his train for twenty-six miles on the Alaska Railroad. The Chief Executive took charge after brief instructions, making the distance in fifty-one minutes. Mrs. Harding occupied the fireman's side of the cab. They had as much fun as two youngsters.

The picture was so appealing that we almost began to understand why Harding had been elected. Also, it helped in a small way to allay our concern over the rest of the news, including an item reporting that Axis forces were putting up a fierce fight before Catania. On July 27th, two days after the ousting of Mussolini, the *Tribune* ran the following item:

> Vice-President Calvin Coolidge is being urged to run for senator, but is unwilling—his attitude is that it is part of his duty to stay on the job to which he has been elected.

Coolidge, we thought, is right. With the President running a locomotive in Talkemtna, it would hardly be a good idea for the Vice-President to run for senator. "You can always count on Coolidge in an emergency," we said to ourself as we crossed Fifth Avenue on our way to Schrafft's, never for a moment realizing the prophetic quality of our words. It was with some surprise that on the very next day we read:



> Plans have been completed whereby President Harding's address in San Francisco next Tuesday will be heard by the largest radio audience on record—estimated at more than three million people.

We couldn't help wondering if Coolidge would listen in and maybe decide to run for senator after all. The next day, July 29th, events took a graver turn, in spite of the announcement of the end of coffee rationing. We read:

> GRANT'S PASS, ORE.—An attack of ptomaine poisoning put President Harding down and out early yesterday for the first time on the trip. While the attack is said not to be serious, the physicians were considering eliminating the proposed visit to Yosemite Park in order to give the President a complete rest.

Coolidge, we decided finally, had better sit tight.

On July 30th we couldn't find anything anywhere except birthday tributes to Henry Ford, and it was not until the following day, July 31st, that the thing really began to get us:

> SAN FRANCISCO.—President Harding has developed bronchial pneumonia and his doctors are worried about him. Officials of the White House are kept informed of his condition by telephone. He is at the Palace Hotel.

While standing in line to buy two tickets for Frank Sinatra at the Lewisohn Stadium, we decided that the silver lining really lay in the fact that Harding was at the Palace. We have an aunt who has lived in every hotel in San Francisco, and she has always maintained that the service at the Palace is incomparable. On this same day—in fact, on the same page in the *Tribune*—appeared a letter to the editor, dated July 29, 1943:

> ... as a constant reader of your paper, I should like to state ... in these serious times we need a statesman like Mr. Herbert Hoover ...

Then we knew that things were not as bad as they seemed. If anything should happen to Harding, there was always Coolidge and Hoover. Our spirits rose. No one will ever know how strange the talk of the invasion of Sicily rang in our ears. We could hardly wait for tomorrow's paper.

The next day's items were both calming and perplexing. First, there was:

> SAN FRANCISCO.—"I know I'm better," President Harding told his doctor yesterday morning, after a good sleep. He asked to see the papers, and released to the press his speech, favoring a World Court as the best guaranty of peace.

This was followed by:

> PLYMOUTH, VT.—In a quaint white farmhouse, far removed from the turmoil

Elizabeth

Superfine Tooth Paste

A famous French formula that cleanses your teeth thoroughly. The tangy, *different* flavor leaves your mouth sweet, clean, fresh.

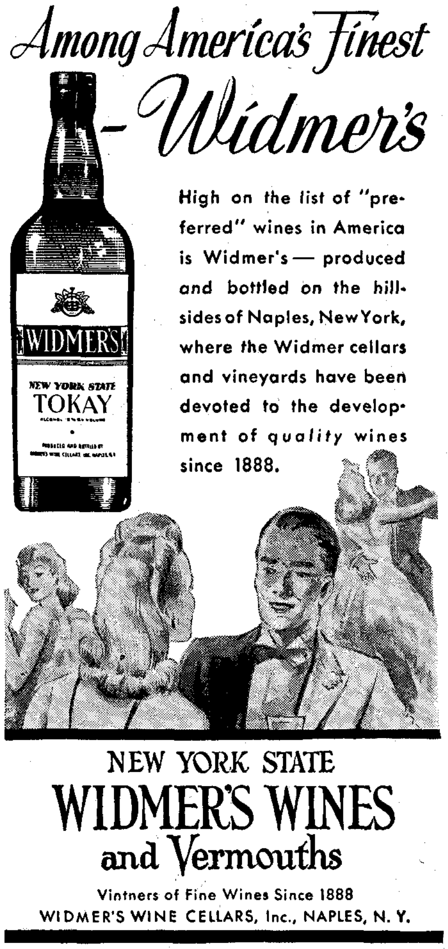
Tube, 35c. 3 tubes, 1.00

Exclusive with Elizabeth Arden distributors

Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

ELIZABETH ARDEN SUPERFINE TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON



Among America's Finest - Widmer's

High on the list of "preferred" wines in America is Widmer's — produced and bottled on the hillsides of Naples, New York, where the Widmer cellars and vineyards have been devoted to the development of *quality* wines since 1888.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N. Y.

"THEY'RE OFF"
GREATER 1943
SARATOGA
RACE MEETING

FINAL DAY . . . August 28. . . . Your last chance to enjoy the greater 1943 Saratoga race meeting at beautiful Belmont Park! Thoroughbred racing at its best . . . America's finest, fastest horses . . . breath-taking beauty . . . hair-raising thrills . . . jam-packed action! Quick standard transportation to Track. The greater 1943 Saratoga Race Meeting, staged at our war-time home, Belmont Park, Long Island, N. Y., ends Saturday, August 28, with the running of eight great races, including the historic Hopeful and the exciting Saratoga Cup Race.

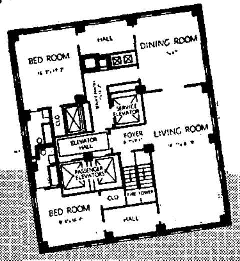
Today's Best Bet! United States War Bonds!

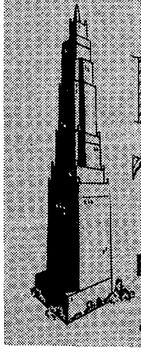
8 THRILL-PACKED RACES DAILY!
First Race 1:15 P. M.
Daily Double Closes 1:00 P.M.
Saturday's Famous Features
(Closing Day, August 28)
THE HOPEFUL
THE SARATOGA CUP

AT BELMONT PARK JULY 26 - AUG. 28
LONG ISLAND · NEW YORK

A Tower Floor to Yourself . . .

This four room corner apartment faces south and west. The rooms of spacious proportions are ideally planned. There is a complete dining room, two chambers, two baths, and a large, practical serving room. One of the distinguished Ritz Tower's finest layouts — and a rare opportunity.





RITZ TOWER
PARK AVENUE at 57th ST.
Wickersham 2-5000
CHAS. J. McCAULEY, MANAGER

Physically Fit
Chrome-Twist TENNIS GUT

★ There's an extra reason these days for regular physical exercise. Such periods aid our march to victory by returning us to our jobs in better shape to work—and
America . . . at Work . . . is Invincible
JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
5001 West 67th Street • Chicago, Illinois

SEYMOUR Cafe
50 West 45th St., New York
Enjoy in quiet surroundings excellent food and drinks at luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner and after-the-theatre. Near Fifth Avenue.

TROUT ASPIC Served at
The King of the Sea and his Royal Family of Fish
FAMOUS SEA FOOD HOUSE
On 3rd Ave. Bet. 53rd-54th Sts.
Tel. EL. 5-9309
OCEAN-FRESH SEA FOOD PREPARED TO ORDER

of politics, Vice-President Coolidge is watching with keen and anxious interest President Harding's struggle for his life.

What was the basis for this "keen and anxious interest" on the part of Coolidge? Could it be, we asked ourself, that Coolidge is sitting in that quaint, white farmhouse waiting for the worst? Is this, perhaps, the reason he refused, only five days ago, to run for the Senate? Is his appearance of reticence merely an act and is this just the chance he has been waiting for to promote what might be, as Landon phrased it that very day, "life-term ambition"? It was somewhat consoling to read, early on the morning of August 2nd:

> SAN FRANCISCO.—President Harding, despite a temporary setback, was reported yesterday as slowly but surely improving. The doctors now fear only the unexpected, as any complication, they say, would be extremely serious because of the President's exhaustion.

Still, there was a certain strain and suspense. What with the overnight change in our attitude toward Coolidge, we could bear the insecurity no longer. We rushed for a *World Almanac*, turned to the section labelled "Presidents, U. S., Births, Deaths, Inaugurations, Native States, Religious Affiliations, Ancestries, Wives," and ran our finger along the line beginning "Warren Gamaliel Harding," to learn for ourself just what day Harding would die and end once and for all the effect of this tantalizing style that the *Tribune* was employing, in an effort, no doubt, to increase its circulation. Well, we could hardly believe our eyes. The date given was August 2nd, which, you will remember, was that very day. We simply couldn't believe it. Why, only this morning we had read that he was "slowly but surely improving." We closed the *World Almanac* solemnly. "Here today and gone tomorrow," we sighed.

The elevator boy noted our solemn look as we were leaving for the office and inquired the cause of it. "Don't be surprised," we said darkly, "if tomorrow morning's *Tribune* announces the death of President Harding."

"I won't," he answered.

ALL that night we prayed for a misprint in the *World Almanac*, but the next morning, when we bounded from bed after eight sleepless hours and opened the *Tribune*, our worst fears were confirmed. There the item was:

> President Harding died suddenly last night . . . in San Francisco. Death came to the President just as his physicians, for the

first time, had permitted an extremely optimistic statement . . .

We sat at the table reading the item over and over, while the rest of the news sank into its proper insignificance. As we sat there, a friend dropped in unexpectedly for breakfast and to ask if we knew anyone who could spare a few meat-ration stamps for his wife, who was planning a dinner party.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. "You look as if you'd just had some bad news."

"Harding is dead," we explained, and the words were like great prune seeds dropping into our cereal bowl.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"It's in this morning's *Tribune*," we replied, and shoved the paper toward him. He read the item. There was a moment of silence. Then he shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. He had never been a Harding man himself. "Anyway," he said, "in these serious times, we need a statesman like Mr. Herbert Hoover," and reached for the marmalade. —MENDEZ MARKS, JR.

•

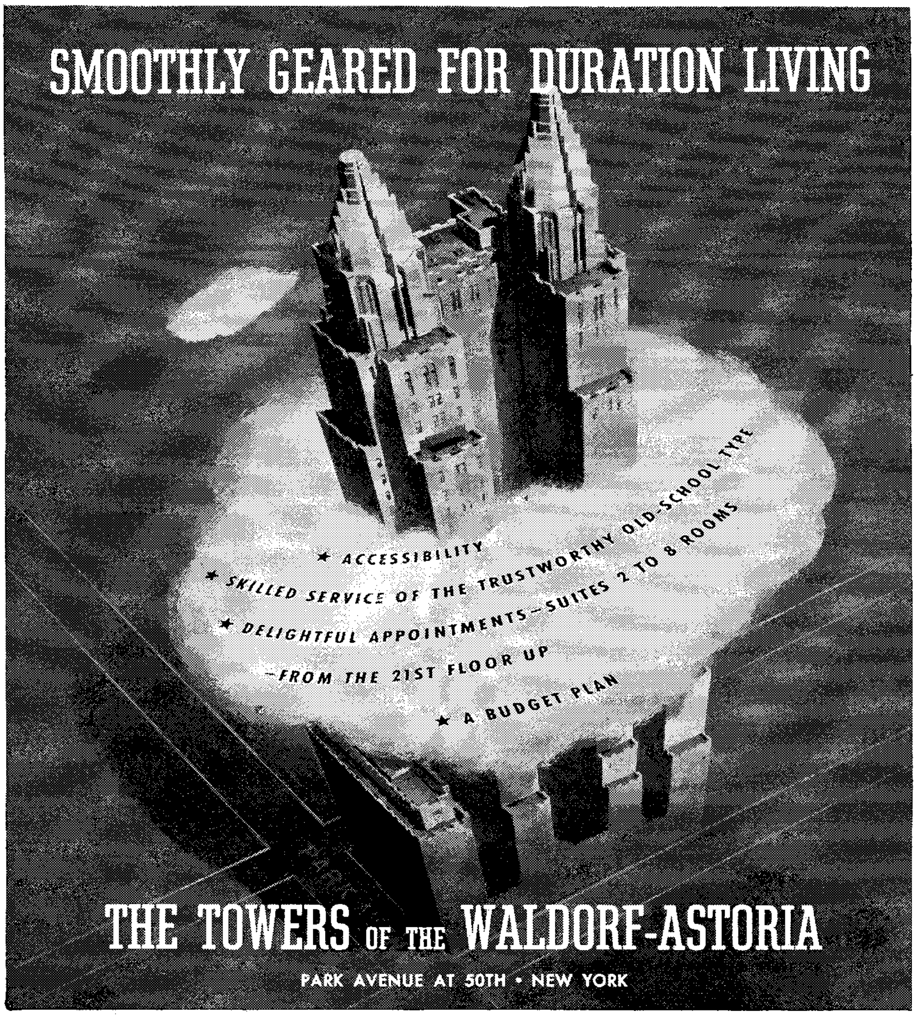
POSTWAR PLAN

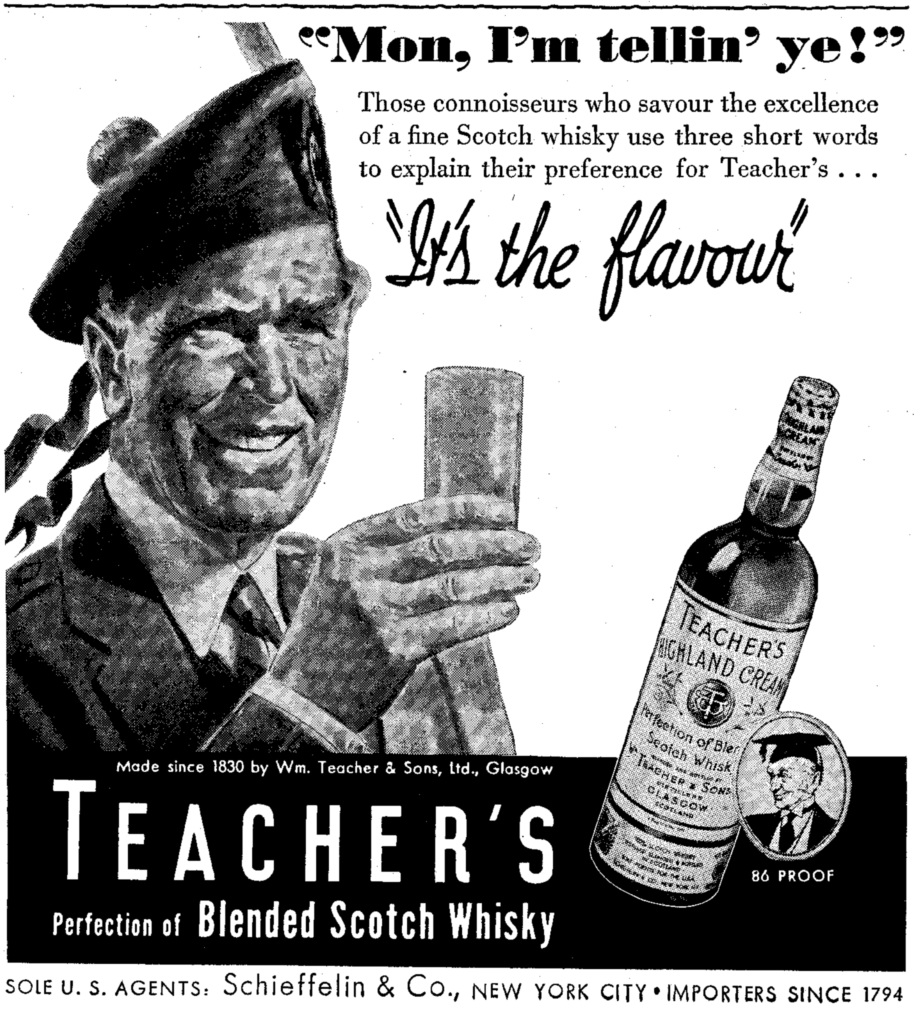
(DISTAFF SIDE)

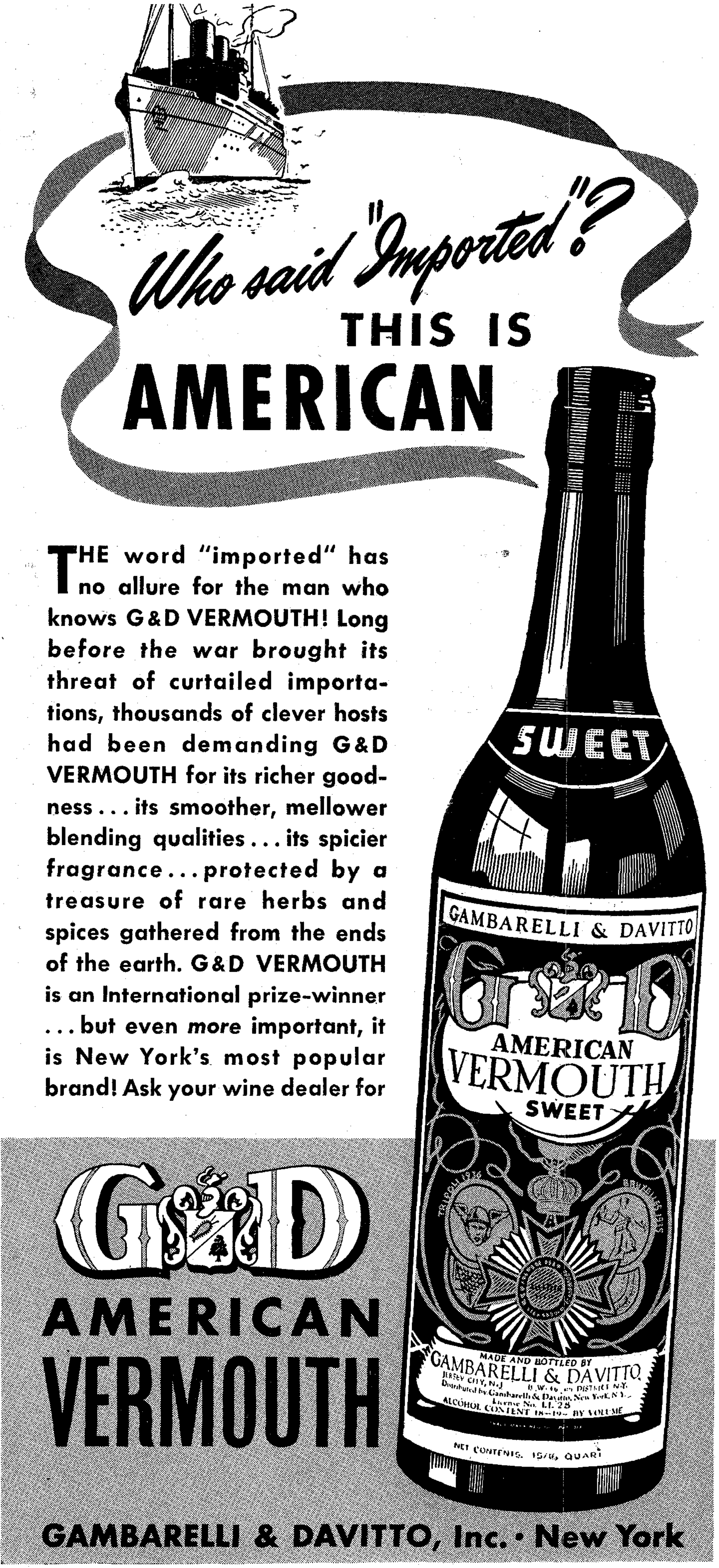
Doffing Griselda's garb (not ever hers
Although she wore it well), she will reveal
The unchanged Eve: herself, indulging then
Such luxuries of mood and trivial tears
And sentimental sighs and personal grief
As are denied today. She will complain
Of cold or heat, of snow or fog or rain;
Will work at play, pursue the arts—or sit;
And if the gown, though altered, does not fit
She will raise hell; and that's but half of it.

In that new world, freed of austerities,
She will evoke the old desire to please,
And will, with never a qualm or inner quaking,
Speak to the manager, give the butcher a raking
Over the coals, take the grocer to task
For being "out," call Sheffield up and ask
What kind of cream they fondly dream that *this* is;
And similar blisses.

Oh, Adam, beware
When first the scent of Peace makes sweet the air! —PATRICIA MARTIN


SMOOTHLY GEARED FOR DURATION LIVING
★ ACCESSIBILITY
★ SKILLED SERVICE OF THE TRUSTWORTHY OLD-SCHOOL TYPE
★ DELIGHTFUL APPOINTMENTS—SUITES 2 TO 8 ROOMS
—FROM THE 21ST FLOOR UP
★ A BUDGET PLAN
THE TOWERS OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE AT 50TH • NEW YORK


"Mon, I'm tellin' ye!"
Those connoisseurs who savour the excellence of a fine Scotch whisky use three short words to explain their preference for Teacher's . . .
"It's the flavour"
Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



THIS IS AMERICAN

THE word "imported" has no allure for the man who knows G&D VERMOUTH! Long before the war brought its threat of curtailed importations, thousands of clever hosts had been demanding G&D VERMOUTH for its richer goodness ... its smoother, mellower blending qualities ... its spicier fragrance ... protected by a treasure of rare herbs and spices gathered from the ends of the earth. G&D VERMOUTH is an International prize-winner ... but even *more* important, it is New York's most popular brand! Ask your wine dealer for

G&D AMERICAN VERMOUTH

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO, Inc. • New York

BOOKS

Journeys

IT'S easy enough, and quite justifiable, too, to lay down a rule that young writers still engaged in trying to find themselves shouldn't write novels about young writers who dash around looking for themselves. Once in a great while an exception to the rule bobs up, such as Robert Paul Smith. Though not really a very good novel, "The Journey" (which is all about a young writer who, etc.) is interesting all the way through and charged with a high-tension prose that owes a certain amount to Ernest Hemingway but rather more to young Mr. Smith.

His hero, Paul Marrane, throws over that highly paid Hollywood job and jumps into his car to look for Reality. On the way he has an affair with a waitress, abandons her, drifts back home to a girl named Bess who's fond of but not in love with him, and attends a couple of arty studio parties with Bess and her bohemian friends. Finding that it's still no go with Bess, he lights out for Mexico, talks at considerable length with a philosophical steward aboard his ship, encounters some odd people and customs in Mexico City, learns to play pelota, manages to induce Bess to visit him, finally wins her over, and, presumably, shakes hands with Old Man Reality.

Thus baldly summarized, this material doesn't sound too promising. It may not add up to very much, and neither may Paul Marrane, but each separate experience he has seems to mean something, if only because Mr. Smith projects it with such clarity and intensity. I feel that he doesn't yet know quite what he wants to say but that whatever he says he says in a voice that is fresh and arresting.

THE eminent songwriter and baseball expert, Mr. Harry Ruby, now offers to the world a new collection of material never published before, "Songs My Mother Never Sang." Here you will find enough words and enough music to enable you to understand why "There'll Always Be a Lindy's." You will encounter the lyrical tale of Carlyle Beasley, owner of the Rappaport & Western Railroad, and of the famous Tannenbaum College he founded. You will meet, too, Tannenbaum's football coach and his musical pep talk. There

His finest novel...His longest novel
His richest variety of characters and background

JOHN P MARQUAND

presents a new character whose life and work and search for happiness are complicated by two world wars—and his son

So Little Time

SO LITTLE TIME is the story of Jeffrey Wilson, aviator in World War I, then newspaper man, play doctor, movie script rewriter. It is especially the story of Jeffrey's relations with his son, Jim... nineteen, a college student, and in love. It is also the story of some good Americans who didn't want to face the probability of total war before Pearl Harbor.

SO LITTLE TIME is brilliant satire, sparkling humor, with deep seriousness behind them both. $2.75

The September Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL'S

The End of the Beginning

Britain's Prime Minister reviews in his speeches the third year of the war. Editorially the *N. Y. Times* says of Churchill: "He is a great reporter in a supreme observation post while the greatest story of all time is unfolding... His war speeches will live as the very stuff of history, the source the future chroniclers will have to turn to when they try to tell the stupendous and terrible tale of the days we are living through." $3.50

A thrilling novel of espionage in Italy

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Without Orders

As fast and disciplined as an invading army, WITHOUT ORDERS moves through a press of terrifying events to its breathless finish. This is the thrill-packed story of an American prisoner acting as agent of the Italian underground, running afoul of the Gestapo, falling in love with a beautiful *contessina...*

By the author of NO SURRENDER $2.50

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By John C. Miller

"A book that every American able to use his brains should, sooner or later, read. Fair to the Whig, fair to the Democrat, fair to both England and the Colonies."—Henry Seidel Canby, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • $3.50

ELLERY QUEEN'S

The Female of the Species

An anthology of some of the more scintillating tales of women in crime. $2.50

NGAIO MARSH'S

Colour Scheme

"...has everything—style and atmosphere, striking...background, characters who are fascinating."— *N. Y. Times.* 6th Ptg. $2.50

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Overlooking majestic Central Park, the Hotel Pierre offers a pleasing blend of true convenience, quietude and charming informality. Beautiful two to six room suites with serving pantries. Furnished and Unfurnished.

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COTILLION ROOM
for dining, dancing and entertainment

Hotel Pierre
Frank A. Paget, Manager
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st ST • NEW YORK

I've Tried Them All
. . . but SHEFFIELDS are so full of flavor . . . so delightfully mild . . . and so smoothly blended that this well-packed oval is my favorite.
SHEFFIELD
English Type
No. 5
CIGARETTES
SHEFFIELD TOBACCO WORKS • NEW YORK
SIMPSON, STUDWELL & SWICK LTD., SUCCESSORS
IMAGINE THIS QUALITY AT POPULAR PRICES!

is also a fine patriotic ditty called "God Bless Every State in the U. S. A.," not to mention several torrid love chanties, such as "Indelible You" and "Hold Me Thusly." Fair warning: Mr. Ruby is not without a noticeable tendency to the ribald.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIDE ON, STRANGER, by Kylie Tennant. A story (one ventures it is autobiographical) laid in present-day Australia with a crazy riot of characters and caricatures, enough plots to outfit a dozen conventional novels, and an Elizabethan vitality. Miss Tennant writes freshly, satirically, humorously, but not intellectually, and her story, which is far too complicated for recapitulation, flashes along under its own steam without the aid of very many ideas.

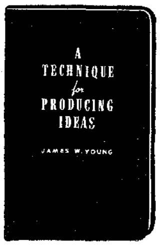
IN TIME OF HARVEST, by John L. Sinclair. A not very penetrating novel about homesteaders in the bean-growing country of New Mexico. The author tells, in the whining vernacular of the Oklahoma poor whites, how Tod McClung and his family work, blaspheme, or bootleg their way, each according to his bent, into the bosom of a new community. Hardboiled yet sentimental.

YANKEE LAWYER, by Arthur Train. Fictive autobiography of a distinguished lawyer, Mr. Ephraim Tutt, who rose from humble beginnings as the son of the only Democrat in town (Leeds, Vermont) to become a power for good at the New York bar. How much of lawyer Tutt's life story is also lawyer Train's, or vice versa, you will have to judge for yourself. Good reading. Illustrated.

PENHALLOW, by Georgette Heyer. The psychological difficulties of the Penhallows, an old Cornish family whose members are mad, each in a different way. There is a violent, despotic father, who has been a gay dog in his day, a brood of grown sons (some legitimate, some not), a spineless second wife, a horsey aunt, plenty of privileged old family retainers, and so on. In the course of events, a murder is committed and the guilt is pinned on the wrong man. The story ends with only the reader knowing who really put the veronal in the whiskey decanter. Smooth enough entertainment if you don't expect too much of it.

A GARLAND OF STRAW, by Sylvia

A Technique for Producing Ideas



Where do the money-making ideas come from—those ideas that make successful novels, radio programs, moving pictures, advertising campaigns, and businesses? James Webb Young, one of the highest paid idea men in the advertising business, set out to answer this question for his students at the University of Chicago. The result is a little book that you can read in an hour but will remember the rest of your life. In the simplest and clearest of language Mr. Young has succeeded in *describing the way the mind works in all creative* people. He gives you the FORMULA which they consciously or unconsciously follow in producing ideas. He shows you how to train your mind so that idea production is, as he says, "as definite as the process by which motor cars are produced." Enthusiastically endorsed by editors, college professors, poets, advertising men, salesmen, and business executives who have read it. Send for your copy of A TECHNIQUE FOR PRODUCING IDEAS now. Only $1 postpaid. Money back if you don't say it is worth $10 to you. Advertising Publications, Inc.. 108 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

"GRADE A in every respect."
—*WILL CUPPY, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE PINK UMBRELLA
A New Pat Abbott Mystery
By Frances Crane

Pat Abbott, safely married now to Jean Holly, becomes involved with a group of Parisian Americans who have returned because of the war—a worldly-wise and sophisticated bunch, one of whom at least is also adept in the art of homicide. $2.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

THE WRITER'S MARKET

FROM a review *Book of The Month Club News:* "When you have finished your story and want to know where to sell it, you can find out from *The Writer's Market* ($3.00), an annual directory of magazines, book publishers, syndicates, and markets for stage, screen, and radio, amounting in all to twenty-five hundred, giving their names, addresses, rates of payment, editorial, and rules as to word length and style." *The Writer's Market* has also been favorably reviewed by *The Saturday Review of Literature* and 200 other leading publications. Endorsed by all editors. Covers all markets. $3.00 per copy, postpaid. Order from

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Ella Fitzgerald • Berry Brothers • Moke & Poke Maurice Rocco • Avis Andrews • Earle & Frances • Zanzibeauts Don Redman Orchestra Canay & Rumbas

DINNER-8
SUPPER-12
ROCK WITH
ROCCO-2 A.M.

DINNER $2

CAFE ZANZIBAR
B'WAY bet. 50th & 51st
CI 7-7380 • AIR CONDITIONED

Townsend Warner. Twenty-eight malicious stories by a writer who specializes in eccentrics and whose velvet style conceals but in no way impairs the effectiveness of a set of brass knuckles. A number of the stories in this collection have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THEY SHALL NOT HAVE ME, by Jean Hélion. A Franco-American abstract painter who is also, apparently, a very resourceful man tells the story of his capture after the surrender of France in 1940, his forced labor in Germany, and his ingenious escape. An excellent account of the German forced-labor system and of how one community of Frenchmen created a resistant cell of civilization in the midst of the Nazi tyranny. Much of the book, which was evidently written in English, reads like a high-school translation from the French. Even so, it is an intelligent, sensitive, heartwarming narrative of considerable literary quality.

IN THE STEPS OF MOSES, by Louis Golding. The author of "Magnolia Street" retraces the traditional wanderings of Moses through Egypt, Arabia, Trans-Jordan, and Palestine. A brilliant job, 551 pages long, and readable all the way, which has been blended out of Biblical history, archeology, biography, travel, and imaginative conjecture. The format is rather poor. Illustrated.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION, by Tsui Chi. Scholarly and well-written social story of the Chinese people, made continuously entertaining by the thread of legend and poetry that runs through it. Maps and appendices. Preface by Laurence Binyon.

THE SOUL OF A NATION, by Matthew Page Andrews. A well-known historian gives us a more or less fresh interpretation of the founders' plans for Virginia and New England, based in part on newly discovered sources. The settlements, as first conceived, were not to be "colonies" in the ordinary sense, he thinks; they represented a deliberate intent to transplant English rights and institutions to the New World. Soberly written. Maps.

A HANDBOOK OF PSYCHIATRY, by P. M. Lichtenstein, M.D., LL.B., and S. M. Small, B.S., M.D. An excellent outline of the field, covering the recognition of symptoms, examination, types of psychoneurotic and

Another
WACO FIRST
WACO AIRPLANES

Freight Laden Glider Towed Across Ocean

LONDON, July 5 [Monday]—A freight loaded glider recently was towed across the Atlantic in a successful test of a "sky train" technique opening great new possibilities in air transport, the air ministry disclosed today.

The Glider was loaded with vac-
...nes for Russia, radio, aircraft and motor parts, and was towed by twin engined Douglas C-47... port, a type which the... Dakota. It complet... journey in 28 h...
The glid...

...ad an 84 foo... freight capacity of a ton and a half. Known as type CG4A, it was designed by the Waco Aircraft company and built by a New York manufacturer.

Month... Experimen...

Throughout its long association with the aviation industry, WACO'S role has been that of the pioneer. In more than two decades of peace-time development, a long procession of sturdy, easy-to-fly WACO planes led the way in removing flying from the "stunt" category ... in securing its recognition as a normal, everyday activity for thousands of men and women.

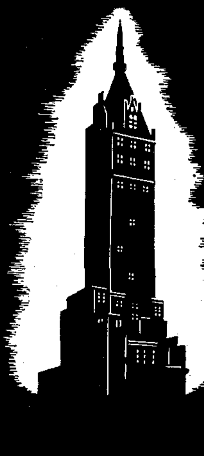
War has not changed WACO'S role in aviation, merely its product. For with the recent transatlantic crossing of a cargo-carrying glider, WACO has scored another first in flying. This ocean-spanning glider—towed by a standard twin-engine transport plane and laden with vital supplies for our allies—was designed by WACO for the Army Air Forces and is now being manufactured by WACO and fifteen other plants using WACO design and engineering supervision.

Similar gliders are today transporting fighting men and munitions to fighting fronts everywhere. They will exert an important influence upon the course of this war ... just as you can depend upon their designer, WACO, to continue as an important influence upon the course of aviation when this war is won.

THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

Distinctive Domiciles for People of Distinction

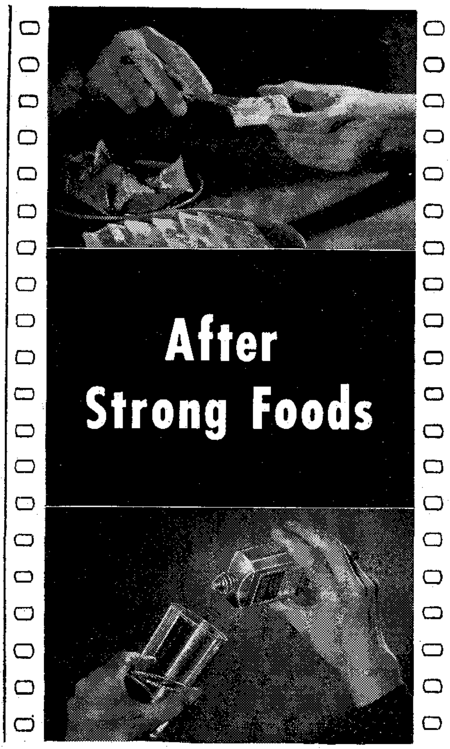


One to six room apartments. 4-exposure tower apartments. Furnished or unfurnished on short or long term lease.

THE Sherry Netherland

"Where the Park Begins"

5th Avenue at 59th Street, New York City



After Strong Foods

That *soupçon* of garlic and bit of well-ripened cheese certainly add to a dinner, but the aftermath—! However, there's an easy, pleasant protection. Just rinse your mouth with Astring-o-sol—the cleansing, refreshing mouthwash with the delicious taste and zesty, stimulating tang.

for Oral Comfort
ASTRING-O-SOL
Household product of Frederick Stearns and Company

AIR-CONDITIONED
Persian Room

* **ROLLY ROLLS**
Direct from Hollywood. Comedy star of Earl Carroll's Vanities

* **THE ROBERTOS**
Colorful Latin-American Dancers

Larry Siry
and his Orchestra

The PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

psychosomatic illness, therapy, and so on. Well organized and not too technical for the layman. Full bibliography.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BRIDE DINED ALONE, by Vera Kelsey. An excellent psychological dissection of Dana Madison, a young Long Island matron who likes to marry money so that she can keep her foot on the neck, or necks, of her long-suffering family. The mortality rate among Dana's husbands and employees mounts rapidly, and so does the suspense.

CATS PROWL AT NIGHT, by A. A. Fair. Bertha Cool, the heavyweight female dick, wades into a complicated West Coast murder case in which the red herrings at times outnumber the clues. Fun, but you may wish occasionally that Donald Lam, her old detective-agency partner, could get leave from the Navy to help his pal out of some of her scrapes.

GOODBYE, DEAR ELIZABETH, by Grace Hoster. The lowdown, very entertainingly presented, on the faculty in a small-town public-school system. The problem of who stuck the hatpin into Mr. Morley, the unpleasant superintendent of schools, is less interesting than the lives of his teachers, who are rather sardonic about their profession, and with justice.

•

WASHINGTON, June 30 (AP).—Purchasers will pay a pretty penny more for pickles packed in 1043 than for pickles packer previously. Because of a 30 per cent increased in cucumtions.—*The Journal-American.*

We've been waiting for *that* news.

•

In 1909 Bleriot flew the channel. The same year, Eugene Ely made a successful take-off (above) from the deck of the USS Birmingham and two months later landed safely on the USS Pennsylvania.—*Picture caption in the Duluth News-Tribune.*

Ready for a good stiff drink, probably.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Excerpts from a dance announcement recently nailed to bulletin boards at a Marine base in the South Seas*]

Men, when inviting a girl, will inform her that the invitation is for *her only*, and does not include members of her family . . . . it is preferred that only girls who promise to wear shoes be invited.

RICH HEARTY MELLOW
TRY IT AND SEE
Imported BLACK HORSE ALE
Brewed and Bottled in Canada since 1811
BLACK HORSE ALE
MONTREAL

On sale at the best places
Mount Royal Importers, Inc.
342 Madison Ave.
Phone: MU 6-2134

A NEW Amazing REVUE
DELICIOUS FOOD
MODERATE PRICES
Lou Walters'
LATIN QUARTER
B'WAY AT 48th

Dorothy Ross SINGS and PLAYS in the 23 Room
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON COR. 23RD ST.
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢

IT IS TRUE!
Many of the *most difficult* cases of deafness now enjoy their new ability to hear with the latest Aurex instrument.
AUREX
HELPS you to HEAR WELL
Aurex New York, Inc.
Manhattan—511 Fifth Avenue
MU. 2-0171

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

V.S.R.
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
VSR
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

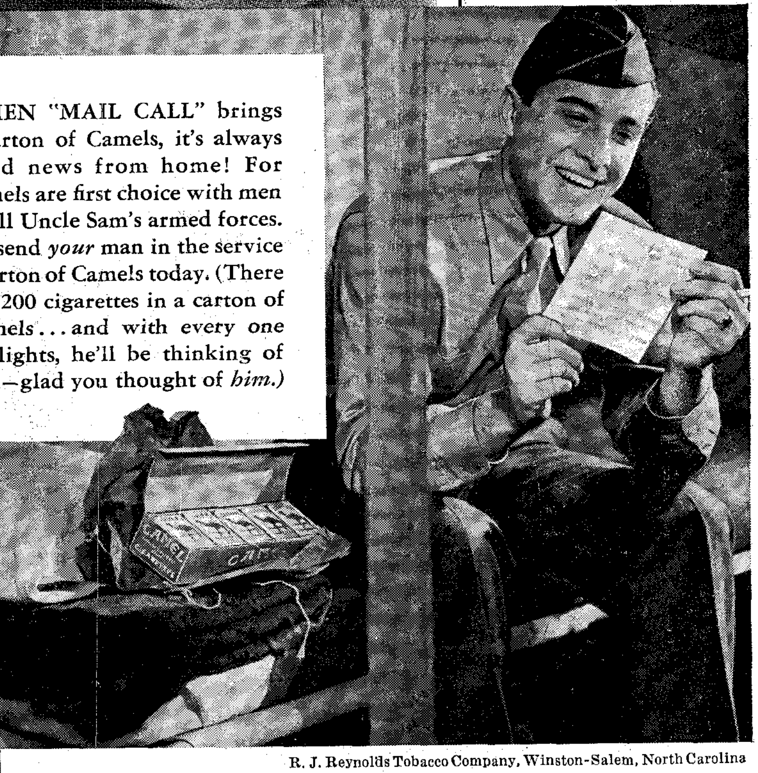
THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol

"Today we bought a War Stamp for Bobby— and Camels for you!"

Next to those precious letters you write that tell them how you are and what you're doing, the thing men in the service want most from home is *cigarettes.*

When you send cigarettes, remember—the favorite brand in *all* the services—with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard—is *Camel.* Men in the service appreciate Camel's rich, full flavor . . . and Camel's *extra* mildness.



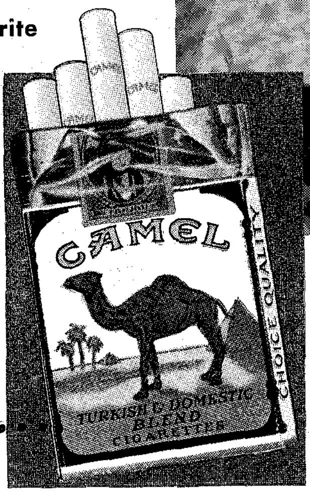
WHEN "MAIL CALL" brings a carton of Camels, it's always good news from home! For Camels are first choice with men in all Uncle Sam's armed forces. So, send *your* man in the service a carton of Camels today. (There are 200 cigarettes in a carton of Camels . . . and with every one he lights, he'll be thinking of you—glad you thought of *him.*)

First

IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Send him his favorite . . . Camels

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS